

"THE LONE CORVETTE," by Gilbert Parker, appears in this issue.

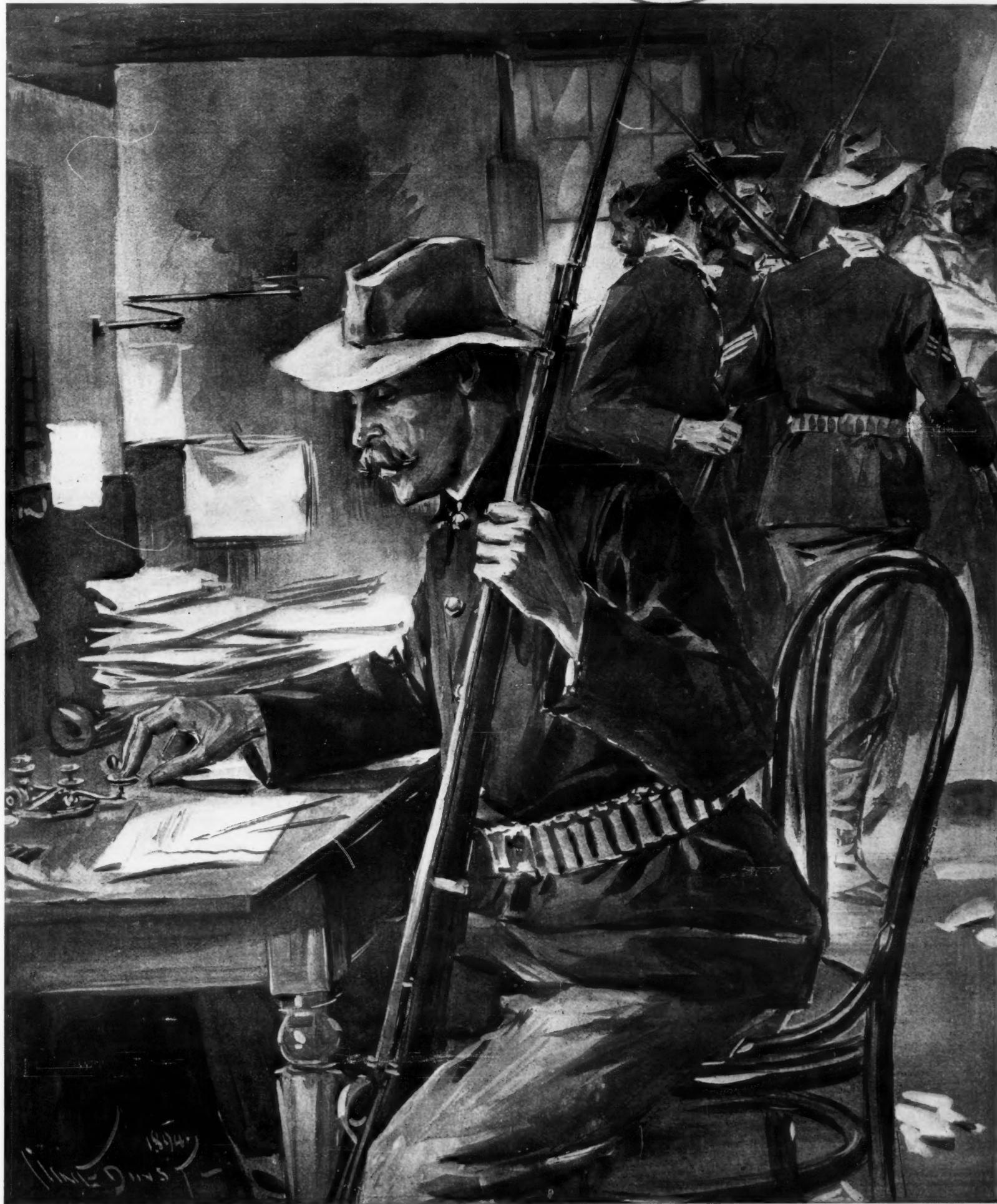
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE GREAT WESTERN STRIKES.

THE MILITARY TAKE CONTROL OF THE TELEGRAPH-OFFICE AT SPRING VALLEY, ILLINOIS, AFTER THE FLIGHT OF THE OPERATOR.—[SEE PAGE 42.]
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A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.



In view of the great interest felt in this country in the coming

International Yacht Races,

in which our champion *Vigilant* is to contend in foreign waters against the best boats in Europe, LESLIE'S WEEKLY has sent abroad its special photographer, Mr. Hemment, who will follow the

"Vigilant" in all Her Races,

and furnish us with pictures from week to week. Mr. Hemment will also send us

Pictures of the Yale Team

from the time they sail on the *New York* until they have ended their contest with Oxford. These pictures will be a

Complete Pictorial Record,

and will be of surpassing interest. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, the well-known Yale athlete, who was largely instrumental in securing the arrangements for the Oxford-Yale contest, will furnish the letter-press. No other paper will approach

Leslie's Weekly

in the attention that it will devote to American sports in foreign countries.

Persons desiring to secure all the issues containing illustrations of these events should send in their orders at once.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1894.

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The Railway Strike.

THE strike of Western railway operatives is the most significant illustration we have had of the tendency of the working classes to seek by irrational methods the correction of real and imaginary evils. The strike, as initiated and carried out, was absolutely without justification in the facts upon which it was predicated. Its purpose was to compel the Pullman Car Company to pay its operatives a higher rate of wages than it could, according to its managers, afford to pay. Obviously this question of wages was a question entirely between the company and its employés. The former had a right to close its works if it saw fit to do so; the workmen had a right to quit its employment if they found it unsatisfactory. The adjustment of existing differences was the business purely and exclusively of the parties directly concerned. The railway operatives of the country were not in any wise affected by these differences. None of them had lost employment or suffered a reduction of wages because of the Pullman strike. None of them were in any peril of loss or suffering. When, therefore, at the command of one man, not personally employed in any capacity by any railroad, but merely the hired agent of a labor organization, they tied up the great railway systems of the country, produced a paralysis of business, with widespread derangement of industrial production, and inflicted a loss of millions of dollars upon an innocent public, they were guilty of making an issue with which they had nothing to do a pretext for a criminal assault upon the established order, and forfeited from the start all claim to consideration as men of honest purpose. And when, later on in the prosecution of their desperate crusade, they resorted to actual violence, ditching locomotives, burning cars, wrecking and sidetracking trains filled with passengers and other trains

carrying live stock and perishable freight, and assailing with brutal ferocity officers of the law whose only purpose was to preserve the peace, they became revolutionists, deserving to be treated only as public enemies.

Nobody disputes at this day that labor has its rights. These rights are recognized in the laws and are assured ample protection in the courts. Our statute-books are crowded with laws, enacted in recent years, designed for the protection of the workingman against the rapacity of employers, and looking to the betterment of the conditions under which his work is performed. The hours of labor have been reduced, holidays have been multiplied, the claims of workers in many industries have been given priority over all others; in a word, the whole tendency of legislation has been in the direction of the conservation of the interests of the working classes. Public opinion everywhere in this country has recognized, and is recognizing more and more every day, that labor must be protected in the right to make the most of its opportunities, overcome to the fullest extent all the disabilities of unfriendly environments, and elevate itself to the highest attainable summits of dignity and prosperity. But popular opinion is equally pronounced in its opposition to all attempts of workingmen to subject the interests of society to their despotic caprice, to assert and exercise an arrogant control over the property and rights of others to the extent of interrupting commerce among the States, to reduce to idleness and want laborers who desire to earn an honest living, and inflict suffering and loss upon thousands of offending citizens. As to this there is no division of sentiment among intelligent Americans. Men of all parties and all classes agree that the insolence and tyranny which assume to dictate what a capitalist shall do with his own property, and what a laborer shall do with his own labor—when and how he shall use it and what wage he shall receive for it—are monstrous and intolerable invasions of both individual and public rights which must be resisted and defeated at whatever hazard.

In all orderly society every man is subject to definite and certain moral obligations growing out of the constitution of things. These obligations enter into all his relations, social, political, industrial. He is bound, in the first place, so to use his liberty and the resources at his command as not to interfere with the liberty of others. He is bound, if he is in another's employ, to be faithful, industrious, sober—making that employer's interest his own. He is bound, if a capitalist or employer, to use his authority and his means with generous regard to the common good, rather than in a spirit of oppression and selfish indifference to the just rights of others. In those forms of service which have relation to the whole community and to the general business interests, such as railways, the obligation of both employer and employed is especially imperative and acute, and any combination, conspiracy, strike, or other proceeding which violently deprives the public of facilities which have been established by public consent, and in the use of public franchises, is an offense against society which no individual grievance, real or imaginary, can ever justify. The rights of the public are, in all such cases, paramount, and as such must be maintained at any and every cost. In asserting these rights, as it has done with all the authority at its command, the government has shown a just appreciation of its duty and responsibility, and, however its course may be denounced by anarchists like Altgeld and vagabonds of the Coxeyite order, it will have the hearty approval of all right-thinking citizens.

England's Racing Premier.

ORD ROSEBERY'S recent letter to the Anti-gambling League is little more than a reiteration of his speech before the boys at Eton on the eve of the Derby. In addressing them on the 4th of June, on the occasion of Eton's great anniversary, he told them that he was proud to be the owner of a horse which was the popular favorite for the race at Epsom, and he now tells the Anti-gambling League that, like Cromwell, he is the possessor of a few race-horses, and is glad when one of these happens to be a good one. The effect of the Eton speech and of the recent correspondence seems to be that, whether his political following like it or not, Lord Rosebery has no intention of putting an end to his career on the turf.

It is easy to understand the keen disappointment of a large proportion of the Liberal party at the decision which Lord Rosebery practically announced in his letter to the Anti-gambling League. The Liberal party in England, it must be remembered, is now, and always has been, largely made up of the members of the numerous non-conforming churches. Mr. Gladstone was a churchman, but almost from the outset of his career he had the support of the Non-conformists. He was not of their way of thinking on many questions of religious polity; but they knew that he was sincere in his religious convictions, and that with him religion was a reality and a guiding force in all the affairs of life. The Non-conformists were loyal to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone, on his part, was loyal to the Non-conformists. He would not enter upon a policy which he

well knew would estrange him from the members of the non-conforming churches. Four years ago, when Mr. Parnell made his appearance in the divorce courts, Mr. Gladstone at once saw that he, as the leader of the political party so largely identified with non-conformity, could not continue in alliance with an Irish party led by Mr. Parnell. The rank and file of the Liberal party had no longer any confidence in Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone realized this immediately, and, as a consequence, the nationalists had either to depose Mr. Parnell or lose the support of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was not the man to hesitate at a point like that, but had he taken any other course he would assuredly have lost the active support of a very large number of his following among the Non-conformists. The high ideal of civic life which actuated Cobden and Bright still holds good with Liberal Non-conformists, and they are not willing to separate a man's private life from his public career.

If Lord Rosebery persists in the line he has taken he will find this out at the next general election. The Non-conformists do not in the least object to Lord Rosebery's being the owner of the fastest horses in the land. What they do object to is his very active connection with a class of sport which is directly the cause of great evil, and which is working almost as much demoralization in England as the liquor traffic. It is altogether wide of the mark for Lord Rosebery to recall Cromwell's ownership of race-horses. There is no comparison between the racing of the present day and that of the seventeenth century. Then it was the sport of the wealthy, and if the betting evil then existed, its effects were not widespread. Now the excitement of racing is shared in by hundreds of thousands, the majority of whom have never seen a race-horse, and who participate only in the mean and sordid features of the turf. Their share in its activities is confined entirely to betting, and so common has become this practice and so obvious its evils, that a national crusade has been started to deal with the trouble.

There is a good precedent for the course urged by the Non-conformists upon Lord Rosebery. In the 'forties, when Lord George Bentinck took the lead of the Tory party, he at once sold off his stud of race-horses, among which was the winner of the previous Derby.

Altgeld, the Anarchist.

THE attempt of Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, to baffle the issue raised by the railway strike by interjecting a discussion of the right of the Federal government to use its authority for the maintenance of public order until the power of the State had been exhausted was as untimely as his pretense that there was no occasion for such an exercise of authority was false. Even if his claim that the State government was amply prepared to put down the insurrection had been based on truth, there was an obvious impropriety in berating the action of the President, and so encouraging the spirit of mob violence. The fact was that at the very moment Governor Altgeld was asserting the competency of the State to suppress riot and disorder the city of Chicago was practically in the control of a wild and furious mob, property was being destroyed without let or hinderance, railway traffic was paralyzed, and both the laws of the State and the processes of the Federal courts were openly defied. If Governor Altgeld was honest and sincere, why did he not employ his authority to put an end to this reign of terror? Why did he stand idle and unconcerned until the riotous strikers had made themselves masters of the situation, and inaugurated a saturnalia of arson and pillage? There can be but one conclusion as to this whole matter, and that is that the Illinois executive was, in fact, in sympathy with the violence and lawlessness of the strikers, and that if it had not been for the pressure of public opinion and the action of the general government, the measures finally taken by him for the vindication of law and order would never have been adopted or enforced. Illinois is paying dearly for her folly in electing this apologist of anarchists to the gubernatorial office.

The Jury System.

THE result of the recent trial of Dr. Meyer should compel renewed attention to the defects of our jury system, already discredited by repeated failures of justice. The charge was that Meyer committed deliberate murder, by poison, purely for the sake of pecuniary gain. If he was guilty at all, he was guilty of murder in its most atrocious form.

There was no element of passion or revenge. There was no room for fine distinctions as to the length of time during which the design to kill was harbored. It was more than cold-blooded; it was the slow, deliberate extinction of the life of a fellow-creature against whom the murderer entertained no malice, with the mere purpose of obtaining insurance money on a policy effected with design to kill the insured. The jury, by their verdict of murder in the second degree, declared the facts to be true, but that the crime was committed without



premeditation. And this result was reached through the act of one juror—eleven yielding their convictions to the absurd notion of the twelfth.

This is but another glaring instance of an obvious failure of justice arising directly from our jury system. They are constantly occurring, and we reconcile ourselves to the results by saying that, poor as the instrument is, we can devise no better one. Out of the body of citizens, after large exemptions, we compel a small group to come to our court-houses—some reluctant and absorbed in their own affairs, and some seeking the duty for its small pay for want of other employment—and from these we choose by haphazard twelve men to whom we commit the final decision of the facts in civil and criminal cases of all grades of importance. And we carefully provide that one man may coerce the other eleven. It is inevitable that such a system must lead to great abuses, and that the evils must grow as society becomes more complex and as the population of great cities increases. A writer on the subject thus sums up the evils and expresses the hopelessness of the remedy:

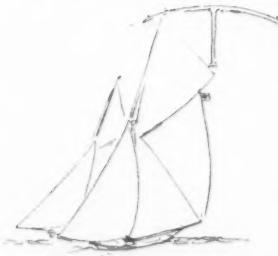
"In a great majority of the cases, whether caused by qualifications of jurors being too low, and the essential obtuseness of uneducated minds, or the capricious and wayward humors that sway them, the result is little less than a lottery, and even indirect bribery is frequently suspected, especially in those cases which unscrupulous attorneys conduct. Probably the chief reason why jury trial has so long stood, and still stands, so high in public favor is, that notwithstanding all its glaring and familiar defects, no other machinery has ever been devised which is not open to similar or greater strictures."

The defects here pointed out are constantly becoming more dangerous in great cities. There the unscrupulous attorney finds his field of operations. There the best of the whole body of citizens find means to evade the duty of serving as jurors, and obtuseness and wayward humors find their way into the jury-box. And there too often occurs the danger which Shakespeare understood three centuries ago:

"The jury passing on the prisoner's life
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guilty than him they try."

As to criminal cases there is no speedy remedy for these evils. The national Constitution, and those of most of the States, provide that in all such cases the accused shall enjoy the right to a public trial by an impartial jury. This right is consecrated by all our traditions, and it will require a long succession of cases like that of Dr. Meyer to shake our reverence for it. But in civil cases we are rapidly losing our faith, and seeking other means of reaching the truth in our controversies. Both parties in important civil suits are more and more reluctant to commit large interests to the hazard of a jury trial. We are less and less disposed to make the old boast that it is the summit of civilization to get twelve men into the jury-box. We are more inclined to agree with Sir Thomas More, who saw the shortcomings of the system even in his day, and said: "For in good faith I never saw the day yet but that I durst as well trust the truth of one judge as of two juries." Accordingly trial by jury in civil cases is almost falling into desuetude. Although generally the same courts try equity and common-law cases, yet litigants seek to mould their controversies into equity form in order to avoid trial by jury. And in a large proportion of those which cannot be so moulded they agree to a reference with the same motive. And there is constant agitation on the subject of dispensing with the requirement of unanimity. In fact, our veneration for the ancient system as the palladium of our rights is rapidly vanishing. We feel that we no longer need it as a shield against arbitrary power, and indeed we have come to feel that it may be used as a weapon in the hands of a power more dangerous than that of the despot. And we know that at least, so far as civil cases are concerned, most civilized nations, outside of English traditions, do very well without it.

The International Yacht Races.



THE defeat of the *Vigilant* by the Prince of Wales's yacht, *Britannia*, in the opening race on the Clyde, on July 5th, undoubtedly disappointed American expectations. But the feeling of regret which it occasioned was less acute than it would

have been under ordinary circumstances. The sinking of the *Valkyrie* by the *Satanita* left an element of pathos to the struggle, and provoked on this side of the water a sympathy with Lord Dunraven which, in a measure, overcame the sense of defeat. Dunraven has shown himself so honorable and chivalric a sportsman, is so generally regarded as the foremost representative of the English sporting spirit, and his yacht had become so famous by its gallant racing in American waters, that the misfortune which puts an end to its career could not fail to awaken the profoundest regret and sympathy.

The race was over a course of fifty miles, for the prize of the Muir Memorial Cup. The owners of the *Vigilant* appear to have entered the race with some reluctance. The yacht had been hurriedly refitted, and the crew had

not yet become familiar with the intricacies of the racing course. But her owners were reluctant to disappoint the vast crowds of spectators who had swarmed to the banks of the Clyde to witness an international race, and so the *Vigilant* entered the lists. Her work under the conditions was in every way excellent. She led the *Britannia*, which after the collision of the other yachts was her only competitor, over the greater part of the course, and in a stiff wind seemed the better boat, but when near home the wind failed her, and so she lost the race by thirty-five seconds.

The result of the second race, for the Queen's Cup, which occurred on the 7th instant, was also disappointing to Americans, but it was by no means decisive, except as showing that in light weather the *Britannia*, helped by time allowance, has the better chance of winning. The *Vigilant*, starting a minute later than her antagonist, was a minute ahead at the finish, but, being handicapped by a time allowance of three minutes, lost the race. The *Britannia* had an advantage in a better knowledge of the course, and in the superb seamanship of her crew. Captain Carter of the *Britannia*, however, is quoted as saying that, in his opinion, "the *Vigilant* is a faster boat than the *Britannia*, and, apart from the handling, it is my certain belief that she could have beaten us, even with the three minutes' allowance."

Brutal Treatment of the Insane.



THE evidence elicited by the State Lunacy Commission in its investigation into the management of the Ward's Island asylums shows a condition of affairs in that department of the city administration which ought to arouse the whole community to indignant action. It seems incredible that in a civilized society atrocities of the character shown to be common in these institutions should be perpetrated by public officials. The evidence shows that patients were often subjected to most brutal treatment; they were poorly fed, shamefully neglected when ill, compelled to wear dirty clothing and sleep on beds filled with vermin, and sometimes kicked and beaten. In one case death resulted from the kicking of a patient by two attendants, who afterward tried to conceal the evidences of their murderous cruelty. An attendant in the female asylum swore that among the "common methods of torture were bending back the thumbs, twisting the wrists, pulling the hair, and throttling." It is to be remembered that the persons who are thus inhumanly treated belong to the class which, of all others, is most entitled to sympathy and kindness, and for whose proper care the State makes ample provision. They are the pauper lunatic, the diseased, and the physically weak, as many as two thousand of whom are usually crowded into the Ward's Island asylums. It goes without saying that officials who are capable of so abusing their trust as the administrators of these asylums seem to be habitually doing ought to be removed from their places, and unless this is promptly done, as the result of this investigation, the State authorities will conspicuously fail in their duty to the public.

But the work of reform ought not to stop with the mere reconstruction of the asylum service. The whole system of administration is radically vicious in that it is part of a political machine, and conformed to partisan necessities and uses. No public institution can be efficiently or beneficially managed while the executive agents are selected from partisan considerations and without reference to intelligence, character, or capacity. The Ward's Island asylums, and all similar institutions, should be divorced absolutely from politics and placed under boards of administration composed of first-class business men and professionals whose only concern would be the achievement of the best possible reformatory and curative results.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE New Jersey Legislature annihilated a good many frauds and humbugs at its recent session, earning thereby the hearty commendation of the people. Among other acts passed by it was one prohibiting the practice of the so-called system of faith-healing, mind-healing, and laying on of hands, by which a certain class of practitioners have filled their purses at the expense of credulous victims. The new law provides for an elevation of the standard of medical education, requiring all candidates to pursue a four years' course of study before applying for examination, and imposing other conditions calculated to diminish the evils of empiricism.

SINCE ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker's retirement from public life, nearly a year and a half ago, his name has been frequently mentioned in connection with some of the highest places at the disposal of Pennsylvania. Almost immediately upon his return to the humdrum business of the mercantile world it was given out by gentlemen in

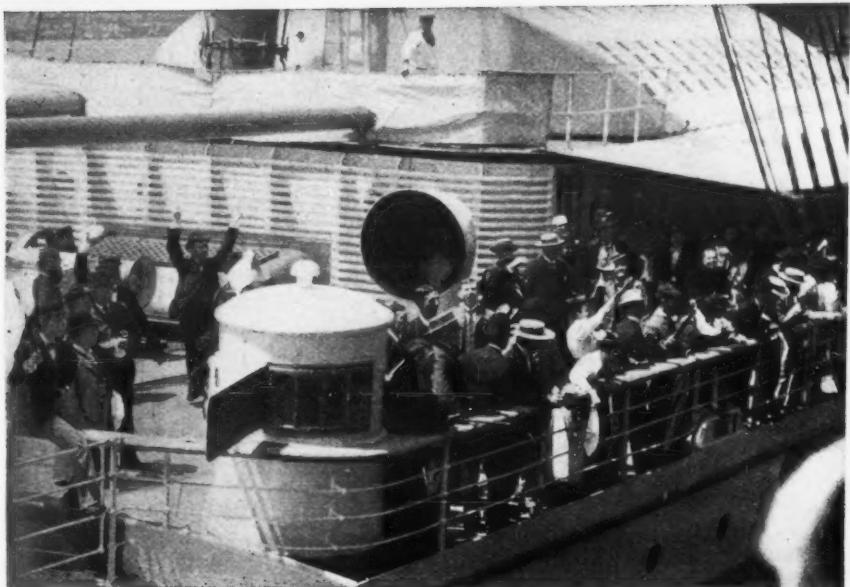
position to know, that possibly Mr. Wanamaker would succeed Edwin S. Stuart as mayor of Philadelphia, or "Don" Cameron as United States Senator. Mr. Wanamaker has made no sign as to his wishes or purposes, and so far as we know there is no organized movement in his behalf as to either of the positions named, but it is altogether probable that he would be entirely willing to serve in either place. It is quite certain that, as Senator, he would more truly and acceptably represent his State, as to all the vital questions of the time, than Senator Cameron has done.

SENATOR HILL undoubtedly reflected the wishes of his constituency in his vote against the crazy-quilt Tariff bill. Odious alike for its imposition of an income tax, its gratuities to the sugar and whisky trusts, and its discriminations in favor of certain special industries as against other interests which have far greater claims to consideration, there is no sort of doubt that the people of New York will repudiate this measure, at the first opportunity, by an overwhelming majority. Senator Hill's courage, which has not infrequently been exhibited in contests against popular rights, has in this case earned him widespread approval, displayed as it was in support of avowed party principles and of coherent legislation in the face of wholesale defection by his party associates. As for Mr. Murphy, he has only added, by his illogical and demagogic course, to the contempt in which he was coming to be held by all intelligent and right-minded citizens.

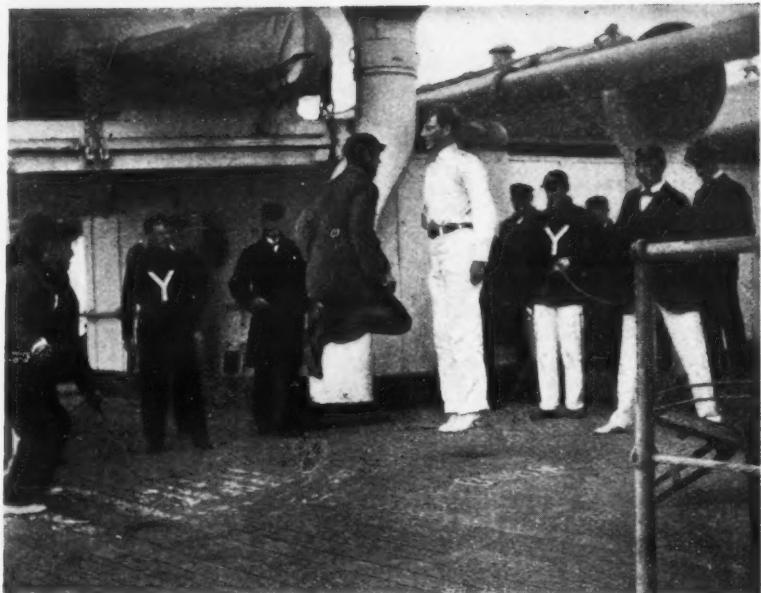
THE total receipts of the government during the fiscal year just closed amounted to \$296,960,336, as against \$385,819,628 for the previous year. A little over seventy-one million dollars of this loss resulted from the large falling off in customs receipts, and about fourteen million dollars from the decline of internal-revenue receipts. The expenditures for the last year amounted to \$366,593,359, being \$16,884,595 less than during the year preceding. Nearly the whole of this difference was in reduced pension payments. The public debt was increased during the year by some sixty million dollars. The gold reserve on the 1st instant was one million dollars less than it was at the time of the bond issue in February, being only \$64,873,024. This is not a gratifying showing with which to commence the new fiscal year, but the situation is likely to be worse, in some of its features, before we are many months older, as the result of tariff and other legislation.

WE are in constant receipt of flattering commendations of the improvement in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, both in its literary and artistic features, and these evidences of appreciation on the part of our readers are in every way gratifying. We are conscious, however, that there is room for still further improvement in the general character of the paper, and it is our desire and purpose to make it measure up in every particular to the highest public expectation. It will help us in doing this if our readers will give us their suggestions and criticisms, freely and frankly. The editor's desk is in much closer touch with the public, in these days, than it used to be, and those are the largely successful journals which reflect most truly the thought and impulses of their constituency. Suggestions as to the line of topics which appeal most directly to the interest of readers, hints in the form of press clippings or otherwise which indicate the sender's preferences among subjects for pictorial treatment—these will always be welcomed. We will appreciate such suggestions, especially on the part of our female readers, whether regular or casual.

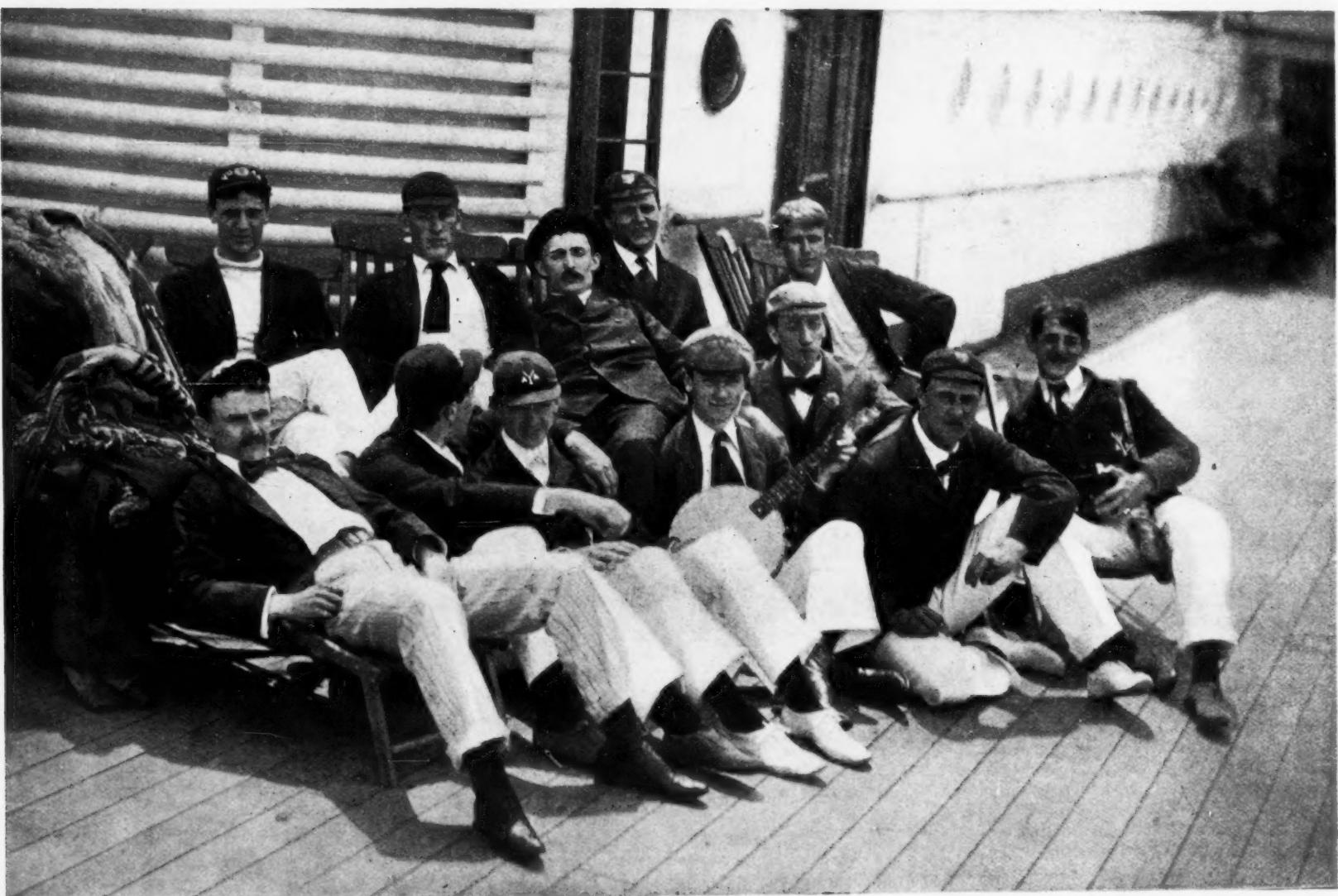
THE conviction of "Bat" Shea for the murder of Robert Ross on the day of the municipal election in Troy is another illustration of the power of aroused public opinion when directed toward a definite end. For years the city of Troy has been dominated by the vicious and criminal elements of its population. The police, the courts, grand and petit juries, have all been subject to this pernicious control. The most flagrant crimes against the ballot have been perpetrated with impunity, and personal and public rights have been the sport of ruffians and desperadoes. The people, menaced and intimidated on every side, and with all the machinery of the law in the hands of their enemies, seemed incapable of emancipating themselves from their untoward environment. But at last, when the long series of outrages of which they had been the victims culminated in the deliberate murder of a citizen who dared to resist wholesale debauchery of the ballot-box, public opinion found its voice; leading citizens, without regard to party, organized for the prosecution of the murderer, and, persisting resolutely in their purpose, so invigorated the administration of the law that, the guilt of the accused being definitely established, his conviction was made inevitable. Everything considered, this is one of the most significant and satisfactory of the many gratifying results which have attended the recent awakening of public sentiment as to outrages upon the ballot and crimes against the person. Its influence will be felt far beyond the city to which it assures emancipation and decent government. Every victory for law and order strengthens the conservative and orderly forces of society, and the men who have made this particular victory possible are in this sense public benefactors whose names will not soon pass into eclipse.



DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK.



POND AND BROWN TURN THE ROPE. CADY AND SANFORD DOING THE SKIPPING-ROPE ACT.



THE YALE BOYS SINGING COLLEGE SONGS IN THE EVENING ON THE FORWARD DECK.



LEAP-FROG—SHELDON LEAPS OVER SANFORD TO BROWN.



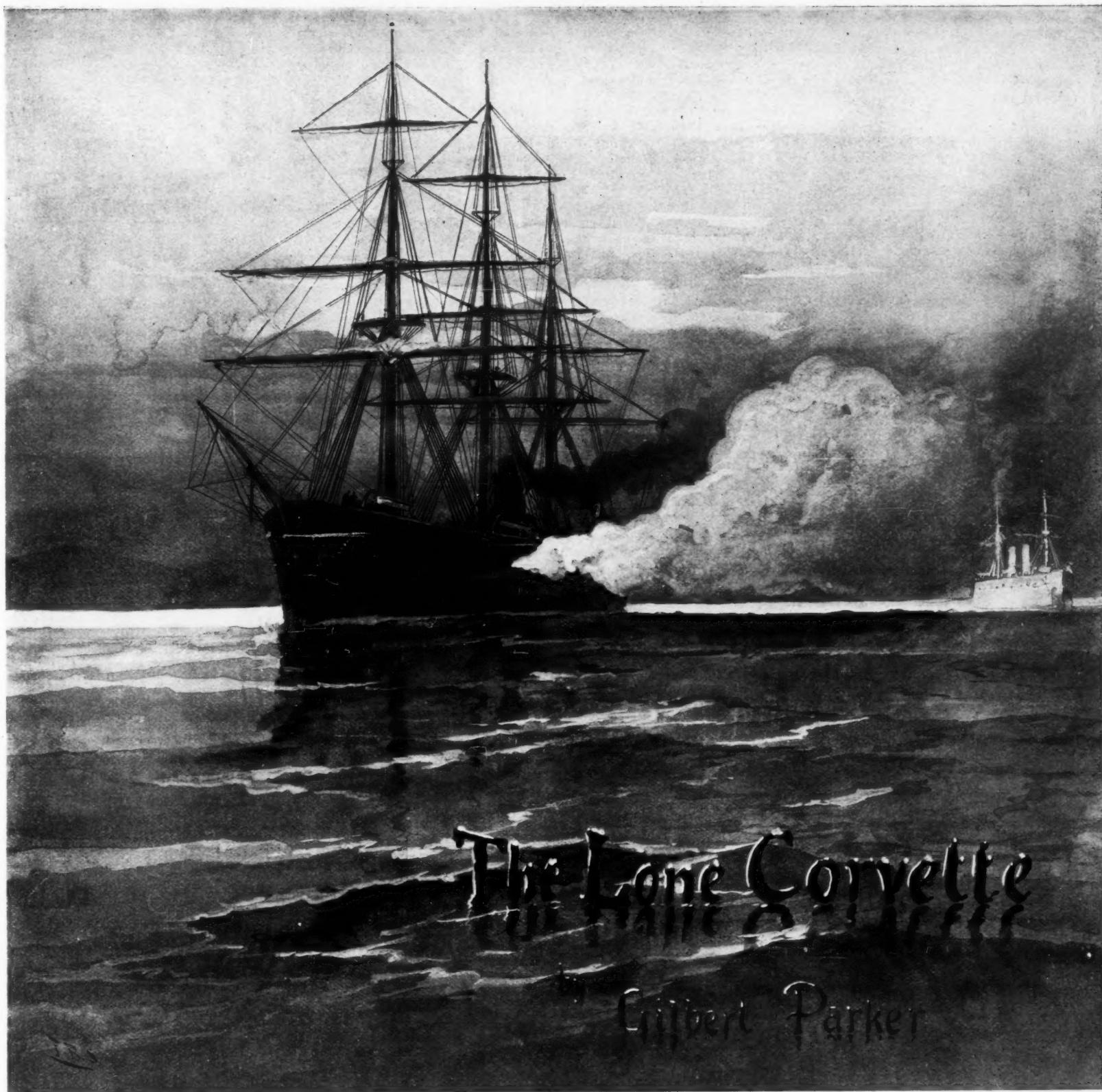
WALKING EXERCISE OF CADY, BROWN, SANFORD, AND HATCH
IN THE FACE OF A STIFF WIND.



CAPTAIN HICKOK ENTERTAINS LADY PASSENGERS BY
DISCOURSES ON ATHLETICS.

THE YALE-OXFORD ATHLETIC GAMES.

HOW THE YALE TEAM KEPT IN TRAINING DURING THEIR TRIP TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER,
WHO ACCOMPANIES THE TEAM.—(SEE PAGE 42.)
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The Lone Corvette

Gilbert Parker

"And God shall turn upon them violently and toss them like a ball into a large country."—ISAIAH.

POOR Ted, poor Ted! I'd give my commission to see him once again."

"That says much, Debney."

I knew him, and any one that did know him well could never think hardly of him. We were five brothers, and every one of us worshiped him. He could run rings round us in everything. At school, with sports, in the business of life, in love."

Debney's voice fell with the last few words, yet there was a reflective and pensive sort of smile on his face. His eyes were fastened on the Farolone Islands, which lay like a black, half-closed eyelid across the disk of the huge yellow sun, as it sank in the sky, straight out from the Golden Gate. The long wash of the Pacific was in their ears, at their left and behind them was the Presidio, from which they had come after a visit to the officers, and before them was the warm, inviting distance of waters which lead, as all men know, to the Lotos Isles.

Presently Debney sighed and shook his head.

"He was, by nature, the ablest man I ever knew. Everything in the world interested him."

"Perhaps the trouble lay there."

"Nowhere else. All his will was with the wholesome thing, but his brain, his imagination were always hunting. He was the true adventurer at the start. That was it, Mostyn."

"That is, he found the forbidden thing more interesting than the other."

"Quite so. And unless a thing was really interesting, stood out, as it were, he had no use for it—nor for man nor woman."

"Lady Folingsby, for instance."

"Yes. And do you know, Mostyn, that at this day, whenever she meets me I can see one question in her eyes. 'Where is he?' Always, always that. You see, he found life and people so interesting that he couldn't help but be splendidly interesting himself. Whatever he was, I never knew a woman

speak ill of him. . . . Once a year there comes to me a letter from an artist girl in Paris, written in language that gets into your eyes. And there is always the one refrain—' *Il reviendra quelqu'jour. Dis à lui, que je n'oublie—non, jamais!*' — He will return some day. Say to him that I do not forget—no, never!"

"Whatever he was, he was too big to be anything but kind to a woman, was Ted."

"I remember the day when his resignation was so promptly accepted by the Admiralty. He walked up to the admiral—Farquhar, it was on the *Bolingbroke*—and said: 'Admiral, if I'd been in your place I should have done as you have. I ought to resign, and I have. Yet if I had to live it over again I'd be the same. I don't repent. I'm out of the navy now, and it doesn't make any difference what I say, so I'll have my preachment out. If I were Admiral Farquhar and you were Edward Debney, ex-commander, I'd say, "Edward Debney, you're a d—d good fellow and a d—d bad officer!"' The admiral liked Ted, in spite of his faults, better than any man in the squadron, for Ted's brains were worth any half-dozen of the other officers. He simply choked, and there, before the whole ship, dropped both hands on his shoulders and said: 'Edward Debney, you're a d—d good fellow and a d—d bad officer, and I wish to God you were a d—d bad fellow and a d—d good officer—for then we need not say good-bye.' At that they parted, but as Ted was leaving, the admiral came forward again and said: 'Where are you going, Debney?' 'I'm going nowhere, sir,' Ted answered. 'I'm being tossed into strange waters—a lone corvette of no squadron.' He stopped, smiled, and then said—it was so like him, for with all his wildness he had the tastes of a student: 'You remember that passage in Isaiah sir: "And God shall turn upon them violently, and toss them like a ball into a large country!"' There wasn't a man but had a kind thought for him as he left, and there was rain in the eyes of more than one A. B. Well, from that day he disappeared, and no one of us has ever seen him since. God

knows where he is, but I was thinking, as I looked out there to the setting sun, that his wild spirit would naturally turn to the South, for civilized places had no permanent charm for him."

"Recall to me again the cause of his leaving the navy."

"He opened fire on a French frigate off Tahiti, which was boring holes in an opium smuggler."

Mostyn laughed.

"Of course; and how like Ted it was! An instinctive desire to side with the weakest."

"Yes, coupled with the fact that the Frenchman's act was mere brutality, and had neither sufficient motive nor justification. So Ted pitched into him."

"Did the smuggler fly the British flag?"

"No, the American; and it was only the intervention of the United States which prevented serious trouble, perhaps a bloody war, between France and England. And out of the affair came Ted and the half-wrecked smuggler."

"Have you never got on track of Ted?"

"Once I thought I had, at Singapore, but nothing came of it. No doubt he changed his name. He never asked for nor got the legacy which my poor father left him."

"What was it that made you think you had come across him at Singapore?"

"Oh, the description of a man who answered to Ted."

"What was the man doing?"

Debney looked at his old friend for a moment debatingly, then said, quietly:

"Slave-dealing, and doing it successfully under the noses of men-of-war of all nations."

"You didn't think it was he, after all?"

"No; for if Ted came to that he would do it in a very big way or not at all. It would appeal to him on some grand scale with real danger, and say a few hundred thousand dollars at stake, but not millions."

Mostyn lit a cigar, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, regarded the scene before him with genial meditation—the creamy

wash of the sea at their feet, the surface of the water like corrugated silver stretching to the farther sky, with that long, long lane of golden light crossing it to the sun; the rocky fortresses, the men-of-war in the harbor, on one of which flew the British ensign—the *Cormorant*, commanded by Debney.

"Poor Ted!" said Mostyn at last, "he might have been anything."

"Let us get back to the *Cormorant*. Mostyn," responded Debney, sadly. "And see, old friend, when you reach England again, I wish you'd visit my mother for me, for I shall not see her for another year, and she's always anxious—always since Ted left."

Mostyn grasped the other's hand and said:

"It's the second thing I'll do after landing, my boy."

Then they talked of other things, but as they turned at the Presidio for a last look at Golden Gate, Mostyn said, musingly: "I wonder how many millions' worth of smuggled opium have come in that open door?"

Debney shrugged a shoulder helplessly:

"Try Nob Hill, Fifth Avenue, and the Champs Elysées. What does a poor man-o'-war's-man know of such things?"

An hour later they were aboard the *Cormorant*, dining with a number of men, asked to come and say good-bye to Mostyn, who was starting for England the second day following, after a pleasant visit with Debney.

Meanwhile from far beyond that yellow lane of light running out from Golden Gate there came a vessel sailing straight for harbor. She was an old-fashioned cruiser, carrying guns, and when she passed another vessel she hoisted the British ensign. She looked like a half-obsolete corvette spruced up, made modern by every possible device, and all her appointments were shapely and in order. She was clearly a British man-of-war, as shown in her trim-dressed sailors, her good handful of marines; but her second and third lieutenants seemed little like Englishmen, and indeed one was an American and one was a Hollander. There was gun drill and there was cutlass drill every day, and, what was also singular, there was boat drill twice a day, so that the crew of this man-of-war, as they saw Golden Gate ahead of them, were perhaps more expert at boat drill than any that sailed the sea. They could lower and raise a boat from the davits with a wonderful expertness in a bad sea, and they rowed with a clock-like precision and a machine-like force.

Their general discipline did credit to the British navy. But they were not given to understand that by their commander, Captain Shewell, who had an eye like a spot of steel, and a tongue like aloes or honey, as the mood was on him. It was clear that he took his position seriously, for he was as rigid and exact in etiquette as an admiral of the old school, and his eye was as keen for his officers as for his men; and that might have seemed strange, too, if one had seen Captain Carton Shewell two years before, commanding a schooner with a roving commission in the South Seas. Then he was more genial of eye and less professional of face. Here he could never be mistaken for anything else than the commander of a man-of-war—it was in his legs in the shoulder he set to the wind, in the tone of his orders, in his austere urbanity to his officers. Yet there was something else in his eye, in his face, which all this professionalism could not hide, even when he was most professional—some elusive, subterranean force or purpose, which made such contrasts in him as to render him inscrutable.

This was singularly noticeable when he was shut away from the others in his cabin. Then his whole body seemed to change. The eye became softer, and yet full of a kind of genial devilry; the body had an easy, careless alertness and elasticity and the athletic grace of a wild animal; and his face had a hearty sort of humor, which the slightly-lifting lip, in its general disdain, could not greatly modify. He certainly seemed well-pleased with himself, and more than once as he sat alone he laughed outright; and once he said aloud, as his fingers ran up and down a schedule—not a man-of-war's schedule—laughing softly:

"Poor old Farquhar, if he could see me now!" Then, to himself, "Well, as I told him then, I was violently tossed like a ball into the large country, the wide world, in disgrace, and I've had a lot of adventure and sport. But here's something more—the biggest game ever played between nations by a private person—with a half-million dollars as the end thereof, if all goes well with my lone corvette, *Hornet*, of no squadron."

The next evening, just before dusk, after having idled about out of sight of the signal-station nearly all day, Captain Shewell entered Golden Gate with the *Hornet* of no squadron. But the officers at the signal-station did not know that

and simply telegraphed to the harbor, in reply to the signals from the corvette, that a British man-of-war was arriving. She came leisurely up the bay, with Captain Shewell on the bridge. He gave a low whistle as he saw the *Cormorant* in the distance. He knew the harbor well, and he saw that the *Cormorant* had gone to a new anchorage—not the same as British men-of-war took formerly. He drew away to the old anchorage—he need not be supposed to know that a change was expected; besides (and this was important to Captain Shewell) the old anchorage was nearer the docks; and it was clear, save for one little life-boat and a schooner which was making out as he came up.

As the *Hornet* came to anchor the *Cormorant* saluted her, and she replied instantly. Customs officers, who were watching the craft from the shore, or from their boats, gave up hope of any excitement when they saw and heard the salutes. But two went out to the *Hornet*, were received graciously by Captain Shewell, who, over a glass of wine in his cabin—which was appropriately hung with pictures of Nelson and Collingwood—said that he was proceeding to Alaska to rescue a crew shipwrecked on an island, and that he was leaving next day, as soon as he could get some coal; though he feared it would be difficult coaling up that night. Still, he did not need a great deal, he said—which was indeed the case—but he did need some, and he knew that for his own safety and the *Hornet's* he must have it. After this, with cheerful compliments, and the perfunctory declaration on his part that there was nothing dutiable on board, the officers left him, greatly pleased with his courtesy, saluted as they left the ship's side by the marines and sailors standing at the gangway. The officers did not notice that one of these sailors winked at another, and that both then grinned, and were promptly ordered aft by the second lieutenant, who saw it.

As soon as it was very dark two or three boats pushed out from the *Hornet* and rowed swiftly to shore, passing a customs boat as they went, which was saluted by the officers in command. After this boats kept passing back and forth for a long time between the *Hornet* and the shore—which was natural, seeing that a first night in port is a sort of holiday for officers and men. If these sailors had been watched closely, however, it would have been seen that they visited but few saloons on shore, and drank little, and then evidently as a blind. Close watching would also have discovered the fact that there were a few people on shore who were glad to see the safe arrival of the *Hornet*, and who, about one o'clock in the morning, almost fell on the neck of Captain Shewell as they bade him good-bye. Then, for the rest of the night, coal was carried out to the *Hornet* in boats, instead of her coming to dock to load. By daybreak her coal was aboard, and cleaning up and preparations to depart began.

Captain Shewell's eye was now much on the *Cormorant*. He had escaped one danger—he had landed half a million dollars' worth of opium in the night, under the very nose of the law, and while customs boats were patrolling the bay; but there was another danger—the inquisitiveness of the *Cormorant*. It was etiquette for him to call upon her captain, and he ought to have done so the evening before, but he dared not run the risk, nor could he run it this morning; and yet if the *Cormorant* discovered that the *Hornet* was not a British man-of-war, but a bold and splendid imposture made possible by a daring ex-officer of the British navy, she might open fire, and he could make but a sorry fight, for he was equipped for show rather than for deadly action. He had got this ex-British man-of-war two years before, purchased in Brazil by two adventurous spirits in San Francisco, had selected his crew carefully, many of them deserters from the British navy, drilled them, trained them, and at last made this bold venture under the teeth of a fortress and at the mouth of a war-ship's guns.

Just as he was lifting anchor to get away he saw a boat shoot out from the side of the *Cormorant*. Captain Debney, indignant at the lack of etiquette, and a little suspicious also (for there was no *Hornet* in the Pacific squadron, though there was a *Hornet*, he knew, in the China squadron), was coming to visit the disinterested commander. He was received according to custom, and was greeted at once by Captain Shewell. As the eyes of the two men met both started, but Captain Debney most. He turned white and put out his hand to the boat-side to steady himself. But Captain Shewell held the hand that had been put out; shook it, pressed it. He made to urge Captain Debney forward, but the other drew back to the gangway.

"Pull yourself together, Dick, or there'll be a mess," said Shewell, softly.

"My God! how could you do it, Ted?" broke out his brother, agast.

Meanwhile the anchor had been raised, and the *Hornet* was beginning to move toward the harbor mouth.

"You have ruined us both," said Richard Debney.

"Neither, Dick; I'll save your bacon." He made a sign, the gangway was closed, he gave the word for full steam ahead, and the *Hornet* began to race through the water before Captain Debney guessed the purpose.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, sternly, as he saw his own gig falling astern.

"To make it difficult for you to blow me to pieces. You've got to do it, of course, if you can, but I must get a start."

"How far do you intend taking me?"

"As far as the Farilones, perhaps."

Richard Debney's face had a sick look. "Take me to your cabin, Ted," he whispered. What was said behind the closed door no man in this world knows, and it is as well not to listen with too close an ear to those who part knowing that they will never meet again. They had been children in the one mother's arms, there was nothing in common now between them except the old love, and it could only be shown at such hours as this.

Nearing the Farilones, Captain Debney was put off in an open boat. Standing there alone, he was once more a naval officer, and he called out sternly: "Sir, I hope to sink you and your smuggling craft within four and twenty hours!"

Captain Shewell spoke no word, but slowly saluted, and watched his brother's boat recede till it was a speck upon the sea, as it moved toward Golden Gate.

"Good old Dick!" he said at last, as he turned away toward the bridge—"and he'll do it, if he can."

But he never did, for as the *Cormorant* cleared the harbor that evening there came an accident to her machinery, and with two days' start the *Hornet* was on her way to be sold again to a South American republic.

And Edward Debney, once her captain?

What does it matter? His mother believes him dead—let us do likewise; for what joy is there in thinking of a lone corvette of no squadron?

The New York Alps.

IT was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, I had inveigled a friend into showing me its marvelous sights.

"I hope you've brought an overcoat," he said, to my amazement, as we started out. "You will need it," he added, mopping his forehead. As he spoke we turned into a narrow street running north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as if it blew from the ferny depths of a cañon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buildings. Far above, between their black sides, ran a silver ribbon of sky.

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he explained.

"But what is the reason for this sudden change in the weather?" I asked, fearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse Alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glance at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping. "That is my old homestead," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must have been!"

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth floor. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you, Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that window!"

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us.

"Looking for your old homestead?" he asked. "Hire one of my fine telescopes."

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then

to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable every day."

I thought it a kindness to check these unhappy reminiscences, so I said, "But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a place?"

"Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum, we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals, neither dogs, chickens, nor horses."

"That was hard."

"Yes: still I love the old spot."

As we talked we threaded our way through Ravine Street and Guiley Way, always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. I was thinking, the while, of the sweet, idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and I asked, "Is there not ground enough that people should take to building castles in the air?"

"Is it possible, then, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of these buildings?"

"Frankly, no; and, moreover, I've been racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes."

"The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the isothermal lines representing its summer climate—red being torrid; green, temperate; white, approaching arctic. Well, I'd no idea you knew so little of the world; you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said, "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend the Refrigerator. It only takes a day and a half."

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?"

"Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweltering here, and once there we'll have peaches for tea and toboggan slides after. I know some delightful people, too—the first families of the Refrigerator, who claim to have come up in the first translator."

The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward.

The first stations were hot, noisy slums, and as I am rich and poverty annoys me, I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out, "Thirty minutes for shopping."

Upon my looking puzzled my friend said: "We'll need to stop and buy warmer clothing." I was beginning to lose the power of being surprised, so I made no exclamation when we alighted upon an in-doors street lined with stores. The inhabitants were brisk, and there was a general air of gaiety and a great display of fashion.

"We've now entered the green isotherm," said my friend; "the summer resorts of the 'upper ten.' In fact, the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the *élite* described as a seventy-degree family."

"At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added.

"The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upward. "The apartments are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know."

I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and I only felt with horror that we were still flying upward.

"Aren't we almost up to heaven?" I asked, finally.

"No," laughed my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained as we alighted. "This is mild winter climate."

I observed many bazaars where furs, skates, and blankets were for sale, and Christmas-trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were even a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every direction.

"You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their life-time, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these

flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover her."

"Had you any idea?" I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock? It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings."

"I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even hear the music of the spheres here."

"You may laugh," he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupiter's moons deserted him, and took to revolving around its dome. Astronomers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

Just then we were attracted by a great crowd under a lightning-rod.

"Why, you see," explained a man, "we had a fright last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it?"

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wiggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky Mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which puzzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West-Side sewer!'"

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the Iceberg flats."

As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend said, "Living was too high up there."

CARO LLOYD.

June Roses.

Roses pink as the flush of dawn,
Roses yellow as miser's gold,
Roses white as the winter snows,
And scarlet as flame each day unfold.

Roses the Roman's wine-cup crowned,
Helle's fair maid bright rose-wreaths wove;
Roses at feast and bridal glow,
Symbols of secrecy and love.

Roses upon the pall are strewn,
Over the humblest hut they twine,
Children with glee their blossoms grasp,
They deck the church and the shrine.

June scatters gifts with lavish grace,
Bird-song, flowers, and all things fair;
Beauty and fragrance o'er the land,
Yet—can aught with the rose compare?

MARY J. SAFFORD.

New York as a Missionary Field.

No other city in the world presents a broader field for missionary work than New York. It is not only that the population is of a more cosmopolitan character than that of other great cities, but that there is a growing tendency among the foreign arrivals to crowd into the tenement-house districts, where the churches are comparatively few, and the support accorded them is uncertain.

As New York is the arena where the political battles of the nation are practically settled, it is of the utmost importance that the moral welfare of the citizens should be carefully looked after. In this particular the work done by the churches counts for more than all the restrictions of the civil law. Legislatures may enact laws, but the religious spirit of the people alone gives them efficacy. The fact remains, however, that the largest churches, the largest hospitals, and the largest charitable institutions are located in the least densely populated districts of the city. The Fourth Ward, with an area of only eighty-three acres, has a population of over thirty-five thousand. It includes Cherry Hill, with its tall tenements and narrow alleys, its sailors' boarding-houses and disreputable drinking saloons. In no other part of the city is there so much vice and misery. Yet there are only two Roman Catholic churches, with eight priests, and less than half-a-dozen Protestant mission-houses in the neighborhood.

The Tenth Ward, bounded on the west by the Bowery, and on the north, east, and south by Rivington, Norfolk, and Division streets, respectively, has an area of one hundred and ten acres, and a population of over sixty thousand. The rickety tenements in this district swarm with foreigners, most of them Jews, which may account for the fact that so little missionary work is attempted among them. In

1880 there were south of Fourteenth Street one hundred and forty-one places of worship, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish all included. There are now over two hundred thousand more inhabitants in that part of the city than there were fourteen years ago; but only about one hundred and thirty churches of all kinds. In other words, a city twice as large as New Haven has moved in south of Fourteenth Street during the past fourteen years, while in the same time a dozen churches have moved out.

There is a dark side to this subject. A considerable number of the immigrants who come to us from other countries are morally worthless. They are a menace to our Christian civilization. They care but little for the law, and nothing for the institutions of religion. They are channish, and so concentrated in certain localities as to render ineffectual ordinary evangelizing agencies. It would greatly surprise those who have given no attention to the subject to learn how very few among the people calling themselves citizens of New York are natives of the city. Our cosmopolitan population is derived not only from all the villages and towns of this country, but from all the nations of the world. London has one in every five of its inhabitants either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. New York has four in every five either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. A remarkable showing, surely, demanding the serious attention of every thoughtful mind!

As political parties are at present constituted, New York City practically controls the country's elections. No greater problem, therefore, can engage the Christian people of this community than that of how to bring the unchristianized portion of the inhabitants under religious influences. Now, what is actually being done in respect to this? In the entire city there are estimated to be ten thousand saloons, and about seven hundred and fifty churches and chapels and synagogues where religious services are held. There are therefore about thirteen saloons to every church, with this difference in their operations: that, whereas a majority of the saloons are doing business one hundred and sixty-eight hours in the week, a great many of the churches are open to public worship from two to five hours only during the same period. The Protestants would do well to follow the example of the Catholics, and keep their churches open more generally. There are five hundred and fifty-five priests in the diocese who administer to the religious wants of over eight hundred thousand professed believers. Apart from this there are four hundred and twenty-seven lay brothers, and two thousand, three hundred and ninety-nine religious women engaged in missionary and charitable labor. The work done in their parochial schools alone has a vast influence over the morals of the young. The total number of children educated in them during the year 1893-94 was forty thousand, one hundred and forty-nine. Although these figures appertain to the entire archdiocese of New York, they are fairly representative of the work accomplished in this city and its environments. There can be no doubt that more good is done among foreigners by the Catholic Church than by all the Protestant denominations combined. They have ten large churches for the German population, four for the Italians, one for the French, one for the Poles, one for the Bohemians, besides several chapels for the Hungarians, Slavs, etc. Wherever a sufficient number of people can be gathered together to found a congregation a church is at once started.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has always done extensive missionary work in New York. The Trinity corporation alone spends hundreds of thousands each year in maintaining costly mission-houses and chapels in districts where the poor live. The idea of bringing the young of both sexes into social relationship has done much to attract them to the churches. The magnificent edifices erected for this purpose, with their gymnasiums, club-rooms and schools, furnish the means for moral instruction and innocent amusement to thousands. Yet, for all this, they do not reach the class of people who most need to be brought under their influence. Bodies of active missionaries, living together in community houses after the manner of Catholic religious orders, would do more effective work in the crowded tenement-house districts. Apart from its mission-houses and chapels, the Episcopal Church does considerable missionary work in the hospitals and prisons of the city. The City Mission Society employs a corps of clergymen to visit the different jails and the public institutions on Blackwell's, Randall's, Ward's, and Hart's islands, where they come in direct contact with unfortunates and criminals of every class. There is undoubtedly a great deal of good accomplished through their efforts.

The Methodists have twenty-one churches and chapels in the city devoted exclusively to missionary work. Connected with them are twenty-two pastors and assistants, who brought about the conversion of over eleven hundred persons in the last year, for which statistics are on record. This does not include the regular churches. Among the most successful missions of this zealous church may be mentioned the Battery Park Mission House, the special aim of which is to reach and save immigrants. Here, at the gateway of the nation, can be carefully watched the currents that are flowing into the national life. The chapel is open from nine to five o'clock, daily, as a reading-room and place for letter-writing. That the work is attended with good results is attested by the fact that twelve thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven persons visited the chapel during one year, while employment was found for five hundred and eighty-seven. Other churches have special mission-houses for immigrants, and there is no field of missionary work in New York so well supplied with earnest workers.

The labor of the home missionaries of the Presbyterian Church does not compare favorably with the work of the church in foreign countries. In the entire State of New York there are only one hundred and fifty missionary workers, while in far away heathen lands there are over five hundred. New York City can boast of but sixty-five churches and chapels, which contributed only \$5,110.08 toward the support of home missions last year. The Presbyterians have several German chapels, however, in different parts of the city, a French chapel, and a chapel for Bohemians. They have also a fine mission-house for sailors at the corner of Market and Henry streets.

From the foregoing it would appear that New York as a missionary field is pretty well covered. The churches have undoubtedly been doing as much as in them lies to keep up their establishments and to promote Christian morality among the benighted classes; but their work has been prosecuted generally in the wrong quarters. Glance up Fifth Avenue or Madison Avenue on a sunny day and you will see, at intervals of every few blocks, the blue sky pierced by lofty spires. On Sundays thousands of richly-dressed people can be seen hurrying to church. Then look down Cherry, Mulberry, or any other street in the tenement-house districts, and note the difference. Here and there a solitary steeple is discovered hidden away between the lofty walls of the houses, while on Sundays the sidewalks are thronged with idlers. The truth is that as neighborhoods become poorer churches move out. The Roman Catholics are the only exception to this rule. A congregation once established by them becomes a permanent parish, and though its poverty may be great it is rarely abandoned. In the district south of Fourteenth Street they have twenty-four large churches and twelve chapels, in which daily services are held, and there are ninety-seven priests to look after the spiritual welfare of the people. In view of these statistics is it at all surprising that the Catholic Church should have such a firm hold upon the masses?

Among Protestants there has been a gradual relinquishing of the down-town churches as the people who composed their congregations found homes in the upper parts of the city. This exodus from the old churches is of so recent a date, owing to the marvelous growth of the city, that people have not yet fully realized its effects. The necessity of a large number of free churches in the abandoned districts cannot be too strongly urged. Aside from this the city prisons should be more frequently visited. The Tombs, for example, is to New York what Newgate is to London. It is like a great net, which, as soon as it is emptied, incloses in its meshes again a vast floating population of criminals. When it is known that there were upward of eighty thousand persons arrested, and nearly fifty-one thousand committed to the prisons during a single year, it must be clear to all that the criminal field for missionary work is immense.

Again, the police station-houses offer a fine opportunity to reach the class of homeless wanderers. It is impossible to arrive at the exact number of homeless men and women in the city at any one time. Aside from those lodged in the station-houses, which average yearly about one hundred and fifty thousand, the stale-beer dives, the doorways of tenements, even the lumber-yards and docks, contribute their quota to swell the figures. There can be no doubt that in prosperous times a large majority of these people are vagrants from choice rather than necessity; yet in times like the present many cases are recorded of deserving persons applying to the police for shelter. This is apparent from the station-house returns, which show that the number of applications for lodgings varies according to the conditions of the

times. In 1861 the number of nights' lodgings given through the station-houses was 119,348. In 1871 there were 141,780 station-house lodgers; in 1872, 147,427; while in 1873, the year of the panic, the figures rose to 186,124. Then followed several years of distrust and financial depression. Enterprise was at a standstill for lack of capital, and thousands upon thousands of honest workingmen found themselves without food or shelter. In 1874 as many as 219,900 persons were compelled to seek the station-houses at night, and in 1875 the number was 217,552. When the figures for the past year have been compiled they will doubtless show a condition almost as startling. It is evident, therefore, that there is a vast floating population in this city needing the support and consolations of religion; who have no homes where they can be visited by missionaries, and who are peculiarly liable to be tempted to crime. Yet the station-houses have no missionary visitors. JOHN P. RITTER.

Debs and His Plans.

WHEN Eugene V. Debs, president of the American Railway Union, the organization that placed the boycott upon the ears of the Pullman Palace Car Company and then organized a series of inexcusable strikes in support of this action, visited New York last summer, he outlined, with enthusiasm, the plans upon which his union, then just formed, was to be conducted. It was his opinion, he said, that strikes were wholly unnecessary. They were costly both to employers and men; they were rarely beneficial, in the long run, to any one, and he was firmly convinced there was a better way to settle labor differences than to paralyze business and stop production. The American Railway Union, he was sure, would be able to put the new and better way in force, and from the organization of that body would date an era of peace between capital and labor. He even went so far as to sharply criticize the leaders of other great labor organizations whose annuals had been a long succession of strike records, and announced that it would henceforth be his chief aim to inaugurate the proposed new order of things.

This programme was pleasing to all hands. If a leader had arisen who was wise enough to devise a plan that without disorder or interruption of industries would secure justice for employés and employers alike, and at the same time was strong enough to carry it out, he was the man the world had been waiting for. But it is not certain that railroad managers regarded his glittering promises with perfect confidence, and it is certain that some of the older labor leaders felt very dubious concerning them.

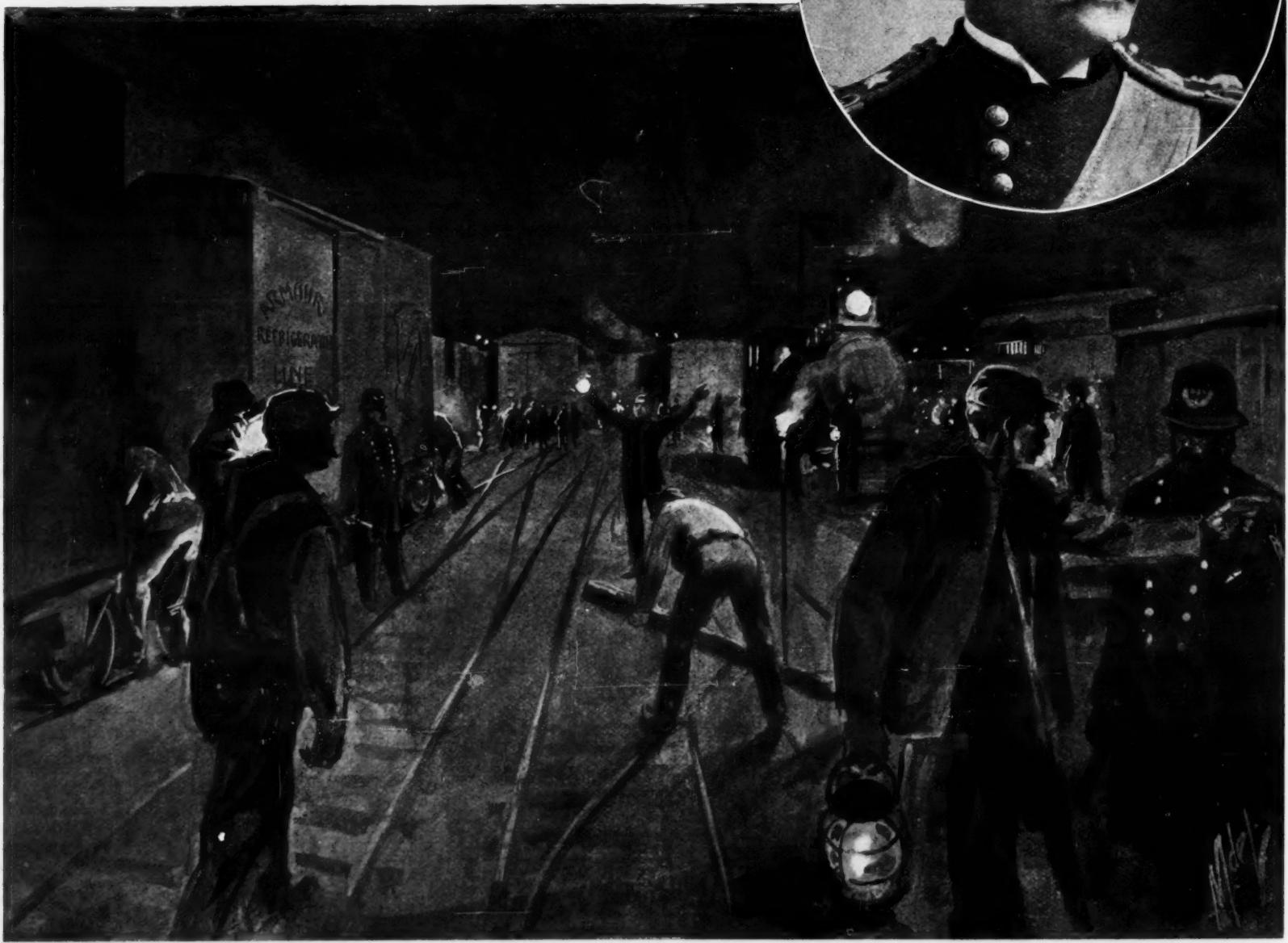
The railroad employés of the West greeted the new Moses with acclamations. Besides promising that he would secure their demands without resort to the strike or the boycott, he spread before them a plan for an organization that should be far less exacting upon their slender purses than the older ones had been. The fees and dues should be more moderate than had been those of any earlier union, and if, because of inability to pay, there were lapses, the men would not be expelled and so disqualified from getting work again as union men. Mr. Debs had been secretary of the Firemen's Brotherhood for a long term of years; he had also been editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*, and he had the confidence of railroad employés generally. His new organization grew like a green bay-tree, but it did not long maintain its policy against strikes. Before a year had elapsed the employés of the Great Northern Railroad left their posts at the union's instigation, inaugurating a strike of unusual magnitude. Shortly after its settlement the first general convention of the union was held, and it was decided to take up the cause of the Pullman Company's employés. It is claimed by Mr. Debs that he did not order the resulting boycotts and strikes; that he could not have done this if he had so desired; that such power lies with the union alone, and that, although he is president, he could not have prevented the general tie-up even if he had tried to do so.

This is probably all true, but it does not relieve Mr. Debs of responsibility for the most extensive paralysis of the railroads, and indirectly of other business, in the history of this nation. He has briefly shown his power and the power of his organization, but his plan has failed miserably, and at the very outset of his career as a leader he has broken every one of his promises.

Eugene V. Debs is thirty-nine years old, tall, of mild manners and gentlemanly appearance. He is a native of Terre Haute, Indiana, where he now resides, and where he has served one term as city clerk. He has also been a member of the Indiana Legislature. J. L. G.



CAMP OF THE ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA AT POST-OFFICE, CLARK AND ADAMS STREETS, CHICAGO.

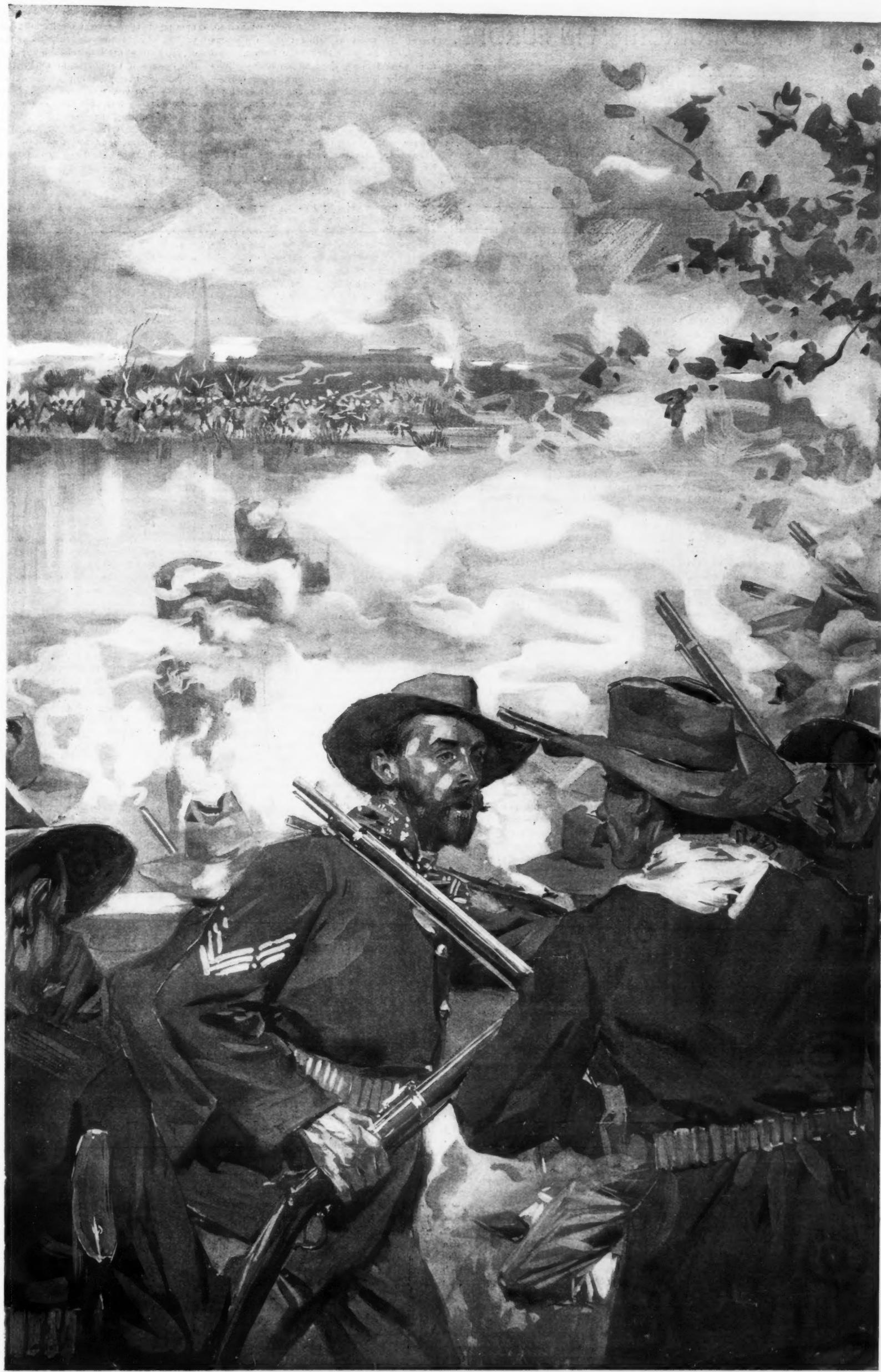


MAKING UP MEAT TRAINS AT NIGHT IN STOCK-YARD BY HAND.

GENERAL MILES, COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI
IN CHARGE OF THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT CHICAGO.
Photograph by Sarony.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STRIKE AT CHICAGO.

(SEE PAGE 42)
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CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE RIOTERS ON THE RIVER FRONT OF SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTION BY TELEGRAPH.

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM IN EUROPE.

BY A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

III.—THE ANARCHISTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.



SIGNOR CRISPI, PREMIER OF ITALY.

HARDLY have we had time to get over the excitement created in this country by the anarchists' attempt at killing the Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, when news of the murder of President Carnot reaches us, creating the deepest commotion and consternation. The fact that the murderer is an Italian has sadly impressed the whole nation, from the king down to the lower class of people. No words, I believe, could express the feelings of sympathy, sorrow and friendship expressed here for France, and of disgust and indignation at the crime. Early yesterday morning I went to the royal palace, where I had an appointment with his Excellency Count Gianetti, grand master of ceremonies. The whole palace was upset. The king, who had been advised of the murder in the middle of the night, immediately sent to Madame Carnot and the French government telegrams in which his noble heart expressed his sadness and indignation. A state council was called, all the ministers being present. At the close every one of them called on the French ambassador.

It would take pages and pages to report here all I heard at the royal palace, at the Vatican, the Pope being terribly affected by the news; at the Senate, where I had a long talk with the Baron di San Giuseppe, Senator, secretary of the Senate, etc., etc. I have conversed in the last few hours with the most important men of the kingdom, and I shall simply give you an idea of the general feeling. Of course, everywhere, much anxiety was expressed at what was going to happen in France, and how Italians would be treated there. The feelings for the last few years have been so bitter between workmen of the two countries, so much contention, fighting, rioting has taken place, and for small causes, that it was feared the easily impressionable nature of the people of southern France would lead them to hunt down and lynch all Italians they could get at, and the first news, that the Italian restaurants in Lyons had been stormed and completely destroyed, gave some grounds to these fears. Strange to say, the day of the crime was the anniversary of the battle of Solferino, when French arms gave victory to Italy against her enemy. And that very day, the Italians, forgetting the triple alliance of to-day, remembered the services rendered by France, and from one end of the kingdom to the other could be heard songs of praise for the republic. Frenchmen and Italians had been rejoicing hand in hand over the anniversary of the great victory, and they were still toasting and feasting when the terrible news reached them. But Italy cannot possibly be held responsible for the crime of an anarchist, of one of these men who have no more a *country*, no more a nationality, whose hatred is universal, who are the foes of the whole world, the enemies of humanity.

The explosion of indignation all over Italy has been spontaneous and more than warmly expressed. Telegrams are pouring in at the government offices and French embassy, coining from the largest cities as well as from the smallest villages. Everywhere people are mourning, stock exchanges, stores, theatres are closed. French and Italian flags placed, even at the windows of private houses, at half-mast and draped in black. All the men-of-war and merchant vessels have raised the French flag. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies have adjourned, and the City Council of Rome has posted all over the city large bills asking the Roman people "to show to the great and glorious nation to which we owe so much and to which we are attached by indissoluble ties of affection, brotherhood, and gratefulness, the immense part we take in its mourning."

In the afternoon I had a most interesting talk with a Senator, Baron di San Giuseppe, secretary of the Senate, in which he told me that the European governments were convinced that the assaults on Crispi and that on Carnot had been planned by the same anarchist gang, both men having left the same city, Cetve, at the same

time, one to come to Rome the other to go to Lyons. And we can but believe this assertion when we look into the facts. Why should anarchists hate Crispi? Not only because he is the prime minister and represents law and justice, but much more on account of his vigorous dealing with the rioters of Sicily and elsewhere.

I shall in a next letter describe the actual social condition of Italy and the terrible misery of the country at large. Indeed, matters seemed to be desperate when, a few months ago, the king called again to the head of the government the greatest living Italian statesman, Crispi, who in spite of his great age accepted the difficult mission. Soon after a revolution broke out in Sicily. It is true that the condition of affairs there is more than sad, the population is half-starved, and something must be done for them. But as soon as they began to ask for bread anarchists got among them, violence broke out, the Sicilians armed themselves, and the government had to send troops to the scene. Frightful effusion of blood took place, hundreds of men were killed, leaving behind them hungry widows and children. Even the socialist Sicilian deputies were arrested and sentenced to years of imprisonment. The island was declared in state of siege and under martial law. A military tribunal was organized, all those found with arms in their possession quickly dealt with and thrown into prison. Of course all this was the prime minister's work, and I fear many innocent persons were the victims, while most of the "militant anarchists" escaped. From the first Signor Crispi showed his decision to treat anarchism most vigorously. Therefore one is not surprised that desperate men have attempted to kill him.

The general belief, not only here but all over Europe, is that the militant anarchists are well organized, directing everything from one ever-changing headquarters, using for their purposes weak-minded fanatics, making them believe that they will only act for the good of all. Undoubtedly those two men—Lega, who shot at Crispi and missed him, and Cesario, who stabbed the President of the French republic—were the instruments of the same leaders. Both, though Italians, were living in France, in the same city, at Cetve; both left it at the same time, with enough money to travel to Rome or Lyons, and to buy arms, and with the purpose of killing, the same week, the two men who in Italy and France were looked upon as the foremost enemies of anarchy. Indeed, I am not surprised that an Italian should have been chosen to stab the French President. I only wonder they did not get a Frenchman to shoot Crispi! The strangest thing in my mind is that neither of the assassins was influenced by hunger or want, or found his impulse in personal misery. No; not at all. Both of them were considered excellent workmen, earned plenty of money, and could have lived very happily. Cesario, who is but twenty-two years old, was always known for his sweet, kind, and gentle disposition. He was not out of work, but had a good position in Cetve. Why should such a man hate Monsieur Carnot and kill him? He cannot possibly have any personal reasons, and must therefore have obeyed secret orders given him by the anarchist gang. It is believed here that at all the meetings a number of names among those of the militant anarchists are drawn, and those thus designated by chance must execute whatever orders are given them.

You will hear thousands of people here who say, "Well, now something will be done by the governments of Europe to punish these people in the most terrible way!" What, in the name of heaven, do these people think that the governments can do to punish anarchists more? Ravachol, Vaillant, Henri, were sentenced to death and executed. So will be Lega and Cesario; but I can only repeat what I have already said: such people do not fear death—these executions will not have on them the expected salutary effect.

Every government has the means to punish them—but it is not what we need, for it is not a remedy. What must be done is to discover the conspirators, get at the sources and heads of the organizations, so as to deal with their hidden chiefs, and not with the insane devils who are nothing but their instruments. What is needed is an "*entente*," a tremendous effort by the police of Europe and America to discover what is yet a secret. Ah, the police! What

a shadow has been thrown upon them by these last two incidents! Why, here are two men, known for years as militant and dangerous anarchists—as such they have been expelled from several cities, their names and portraits are in the possession of every police office—they are supposed to be *surveillés*—and yet they can leave the cities where they are living, travel hundreds of miles, go through other cities, buy clothing, pistols and knives, without the police knowing a thing about it!

To guillotine them seems but just and fair, but, in the name of society and humanity, do not let it be done until these men have been made to reveal who gave them the money, who inspired these crimes, whom they have obeyed. They will not talk, it will be said. Then it is a question to know whether society has not a right to defend itself by all means, and to use extraordinary means to make them speak.

The liberty of the press is undoubtedly a beautiful thing, but in spite of all its beauty it seems to us that the first duty of governments is to stop the publication of anarchist papers—of papers in which Louise Michel can write, as she does to-day: "A new victory for anarchy, which is doing well for humanity! Carnot represented the wealthy class and *le monde bourgeois*. It is not a murder, but an execution; now, Ravachol, Vaillant, Henri, have been avenged!"

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

The Strike in Chicago.

The details of the strike in and around Chicago have been so fully given in the daily journals that we need not rehearse them here. It is enough to say that for two weeks the city was in the clutch of an infuriated and murderous mob, which burned and pillaged and became so arrogant in its defiance of law and order that the Federal government was finally compelled to intervene for the protection of the public interests. The boycott which has resulted in these outrages was declared on Tuesday, the 26th of June. On the following day, in obedience to the command of Debs, trains were abandoned in California, and on the 28th the strike became general in Chicago. As a result, all freight traffic was stopped, and the passenger service was diminished to a few uncertain and fitful trains. All the principal lines running west and some running eastward, were blocked, but managed now and then to get through mail and passenger trains. During these five days the Governor of the State and the mayor of the city did nothing whatever to check the mobs which had compelled hundreds of operatives to leave the service of the companies by which they were employed, and which had resorted to violence and arson in furtherance of their desperate schemes.

At this point the railway companies asked and secured the protection of the Federal courts, having determined that they would abandon all attempts to move either passengers or freight until protection was afforded them. A blanket injunction restraining all interference with the transportation of mails or with interstate commerce was granted, and under authority from Washington a large number of special deputies were sworn in, and preparations were made for an organized assault upon the lines of the strikers. These proceedings brought the mobs face to face with the Federal authority. In their madness and fury, however, the action of the Federal authorities seemed only to inflame them for a time to the perpetration of greater outrages. Within five days after the courts were appealed to some two thousand freight cars were burned by the strikers, and great bodies of men in sympathy with them moved to and fro through the railway district, committing every form of outrage, and practically defeating all attempts of the military and special deputies to restore order. The situation finally became so grave that on the 8th instant President Cleveland issued a proclamation warning all persons against aiding, countenancing, encouraging, or taking any part in the unlawful obstruction of the United States mails or of the commerce between the States, and declaring that all who failed to heed this warning would be dealt with as public enemies. Later a similar proclamation was issued, warning rioters in the States and Territories of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and California, the situation in the latter State, where mobs were arming to resist the lawful authority, being especially threatening.

The amount of property destroyed by fire and otherwise during the first ten days of the strike is estimated at two millions of dollars. Three-fourths of this loss will fall upon the tax-payers of Chicago. In addition to this, it is estimated that the workingmen of the city have lost three hundred thousand dollars a day in wages, while

the loss to the railways and the general business public is practically incalculable. At this writing several thousand troops and special deputies are at the disposal of the Governor of the State and the mayor of the city, General Miles being in command of the Federal military forces. Two collisions with the mob have occurred, in the last of which one person was killed and a number wounded, two fatally. This affair occurred at Hammond, Indiana, just over the State line and on the outskirts of the city, where the mob, after burning over three hundred cars and pounding an engineer to death, charged upon two companies of regular troops. They were met by a volley of musketry and speedily dispersed. Up to that time twelve men in all had been killed, seven had sustained fatal injuries, and a score or more had been more or less seriously hurt. The spirit of the mobs is well illustrated by the rioting at Hammond, where the rioters displayed the utmost ferocity. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* furnishes a description of the outrages perpetrated at this point, which in a sense are typical of the desperate conduct of the mobs in the stock-yards and at other points. The object of attack in this case was a freight train, which was set on fire:

"Before the cars were fired those filled with any cargoes were looted. The strikers, helped by their women, broke into every locked car and took from them everything possible. The men and women stripped the cabooses of cushions, desks and other furniture, and were soon hastening away with their ill-gotten plunder. Some of the cars were loaded with household furniture, and women were seen walking away with bedding on their heads. Children carried chairs away, and men helped to steal benches and car-seats and carry them away. The looting largely took place in the full light of a great fire, creeping foot by foot along the lines of cars four and five tracks deep. There were one hundred and fifty cars of coal in the yards. Women plundered them, carrying the black diamonds away in their aprons, taking off the skirts of their dresses and shawls and filling them with coal. The people were bold, shameless, and eager in their robbery. It was a mad scene. The mob had its own way, played its game of devilry without interruption, unmolested by any semblance of authority or interposition of the fire department. The local authorities were unable to make a move. The men ran about firing the cars while the women and children looted. There were shouts and laughter as they plied torch and robbed. The thousands engaged in this saturnalia acted as if they were enjoying a great sport instead of committing a great crime."

There seems to be some reason to believe that the strike which has culminated in these infamous outrages was carefully planned by labor leaders. It is said, indeed, to have been resolved upon at a conference held early in June, in St. Louis, in which all the labor organizations of the country were represented, and at which the leadership of the movement was assigned to Debs. The motive assigned at this conference for the proposed action was that a great strike was necessary to hold the organizations together. Whatever may be the fact as to this matter, it is certain that the leaders and a large portion of the members of some of the more prominent organizations have manifested the fullest sympathy with the strikers. It is obvious, however, that the conspiracy against society which has manifested itself in violent assaults upon life and property, and which has dared even to defy national authority, will be everywhere suppressed, and the men who have organized and led it will be brought to certain and deserved punishment.

THE AMATEUR AT SEA.

THE YALE CREW AT SEA.

If there really is any such thing as "Yale luck" it certainly attended the Yale University athletic team in their trip across the Atlantic on the steamship *New York*. It will be long before any of the men forget the cheers and wishes of "God speed" that rose to them from the sea of faces on the dock as the ship swung away from her moorings. The weather experienced on the voyage was so favorable that the men were able to get their regular exercise on deck every day. Grave fear had been expressed as to the effects of sea-sickness upon athletes in training, but so far from experiencing this dreaded form of illness, no one even thought of it. A great deal of walking was indulged in on the ship's commodious promenade deck, and in the afternoons the novel exercise of skipping the rope was practiced. A half-hour of this work, followed by a cold salt-water

plunge, afforded a capital preparation for the hearty dinner, which, as well as the other meals, was served at a table reserved for the Yale representatives. Not a single man missed putting in an appearance at even one meal; in fact, considerable fault was found with the time which the table steward allowed to elapse between gongs.

Exercise was not confined to skipping the rope, some running being done on deck in the early mornings before the rest of the passengers were about; leap-frog, shuffle-board, tossing rings, chalking the mark, and other kindred sports also had each its turn. In the evenings the men would gather in a knot and sing the old songs that Yale men learn on the fence at New Haven. While it is true that the music would not have made a lover of grand opera envious, their fellow-travelers seemed to like it, and at their request the choruses rang out evening after evening. A pleasure-voyage it would be hard to imagine, and yet during the last half of it the athletes began to grow restless, and more and more eager to be at their work.

The *New York* made fast to her dock at Southampton at about half-past five Wednesday afternoon, and after a rousing cheer for the ship and another for her passengers, the collegians hurried off to Oxford. Too much cannot be said of the efforts of the officers of the ship to make the Yale men comfortable. The first great stumbling-block to success in their struggle with Oxford has been passed—the ocean voyage is a thing of the past, and its dreaded effects have failed to materialize. If no accidents happen each man will come out on the field at Queen's Club, July 16th, in the pink of condition.

C. H. SHERRILL, JR.

In Fashion's Glass.

GARDEN-PARTY COSTUME.

THE charming toilette illustrated this week was designed by Barroin for the garden party of the Princesse Edmond de Polignac, which was a most brilliant affair. The gown in question is made of pale mastic *peau de soi* combined with soft satin in the same shade, and periwinkle-blue *mirroir* velvet. Panels of the satin are let into the sides of the skirt, which is delicately embroidered in mastic and gold around the openings. The bodice ends at the back in a short, full basque, while the front finishes at the waist under a tied sash of the velvet. The chemisette and sleeves are of the satin, with shoulder-capes made of narrow overlapping ruffles of the silk. The bodice in front is drawn through a paste buckle, and is further ornamented with roccoco buttons. The very *chic* hat has garnitures of tulle and rosettes of the periwinkle velvet.

I went into a leading Sixth Avenue shop the other day to buy a thermometer. I never know how sweltering I am till I consult one. There I met a friend who said, "Oh, don't buy a thermometer now; they'll be lower by and by. Come with me to my tailor's, and see my new yachting outfit." I smiled at the pun and accepted the invitation.

At the tailor's I found two very smart yachting gowns very near completion. The one for rough sea wear was made of royal blue storm serge in the finest quality, with the prettiest sort of Eton jacket having a broad collar at the

back which *jabotted* down each front to the waist, and was faced with fine white cloth. The sleeves had turn-over cuffs of the white, and there was a white-and-gold striped China silk shirt waist to wear with it. The skirt was plainly made, silk lined, and machine-stitched above the hem.

The second suit was made in fine linen duck, intended for afternoon wear, or what is called inland sailing. It had a gored skirt with lapped seams, and a cutaway coat with sloping tails, like a man's dress coat. To be worn with this was a high-cut vest or waistcoat in finest scarlet cloth, fastened up with gold buttons and gold military cord placed up the front and around the collar in tiny loops. The coat had three large rose-pearl buttons on each side of the front, and two at the waist of the back. A real sailor cap of the red cloth completed this truly "smart" costume. I was charmed with them both, in fact.

I had a glimpse of another yachting gown in blue, which had several rows of braid around the skirt, and a facing of gold cloth to match the collar and cuffs. It was more dressy, but not half so distinguished-looking as the other two. It had a jaunty coat somewhat on the order of a pea jacket, with double-breasted front and broad revers.

It would seem that every one had gone mad about neck ruffles and stocks. The prettiest on the latter order are made in velvet, cyclamen being the favored shade, and made with a brilliant buckle in front or a small one at each side. The closing at the back is concealed by a double fan bow of knife-pleated tulle, held by a knot of the velvet. Other collars take the form of a thick box-pleated ruche of black net or shaded ribbon. A dear one I saw was a pretty effect of shaded orange intermixed with a little black chiffon.

Bodices in black and white check silk are the fancy of the moment, and all are enlivened with these dressy collars of colored velvet, peacock, cherry, and cyclamen being well-chosen colors for these effects. They are cut



GARDEN-PARTY COSTUME.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH "L'ILLUSTRATION" OF PARIS.
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on the bias, and occasionally have loops standing out under the ears, and held by showy buckles or ornamental buttons. This, by the way, reminds me to repeat what I have already said about buttons—that they have come to stay. You will find them on many new gowns, forming the centre of ribbon rosettes, and ornamenting cloth gowns by the dozen, later on. An imported gown of gray alpaca, which is quite popular at this moment in London, has a most stylish bodice trimmed with white braid, and small white bone buttons placed between rows of this same narrow white braid on the side-seams at the back and front, where it turns back like a Swiss peasant jacket. At the waist, tying in the soft white front, is a white sash-ribbon. The sleeves are in the newest form, large at the top, narrowing toward the hand, where the upper side falls in a point over the wrist, which always enhances the beauty of tapering fingers and accentuates bony ones.

No one can reasonably complain of the fashions as they are, for there is more to be thankful for than most women appreciate. Everything to choose from to gladden the stout or the lean, the short or the tall, and any woman who uses a little discretion in selection can never be served with a mandamus for better taste in dress.

More especially is this true of head-gear, where there are steeple crowns, or none at all;

broad, flat brims, or narrow, rolling ones to choose from.

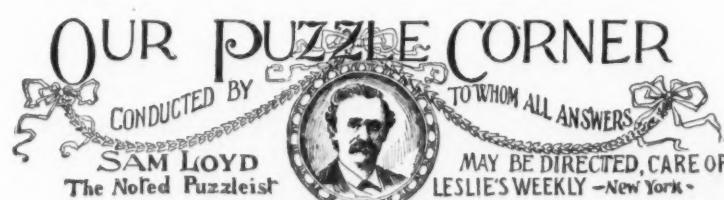
I trust add a word about gloves. The Parisian fancy of the moment is for those embroidered with colored silk, imitating wreaths of tiny flowers. Black gloves especially are thus embroidered—in fact, black gloves are rather first in favor. They make the hand look smaller than white or light-colored gloves. But if the embroidery is too elaborate it will exaggerate the size of the hand.

The most *chic* underclothing is now made of silk crêpe, and each garment is generally a mass of frills and lace and ribbons. Gay colors are not favored, but either white or the natural color of tussore silk. Night-dresses sometimes have a wide, loose sash either of cambric or silk, and tie about the waist in Japanese fashion.

ELLA STARR.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.



Our Lady's Kerchief.

A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.



The Cruiser "Minneapolis."

THE recent trial trip of the United States cruiser *Minneapolis*, off the Massachusetts coast, was an event of more than ordinary interest in nautical circles. Requests for permission to be on board during the trial were received from representatives of foreign governments as well as many of our own naval officers, and so far as possible the former were complied with. Expectation as to the performance of the vessel was raised by the fact that in a preliminary trial trip she had developed, under unfavorable conditions, a speed of 21.75 knots an hour.

The grand desideratum of naval architects has been for years to combine high speed with large coal endurance in armored or protected cruisers. High speed was realized in the *Baltimore* and *Philadelphia* class, but they were not large enough to carry the coal required. Hence a step in advance was determined

upon, and the cruisers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* resulted. The *Columbia*, in her trial trips, maintained a speed of twenty-two and eight-tenths knots an hour for four consecutive hours, earning a premium of \$350,000, and placing herself at the head of the world's war-ships as the fastest of her class then afloat. The construction of the *Minneapolis* was authorized by act of Congress approved March 2d, 1891, and the contract with her builders was signed on August 31st of that year, the stipulated price being \$2,690,000.

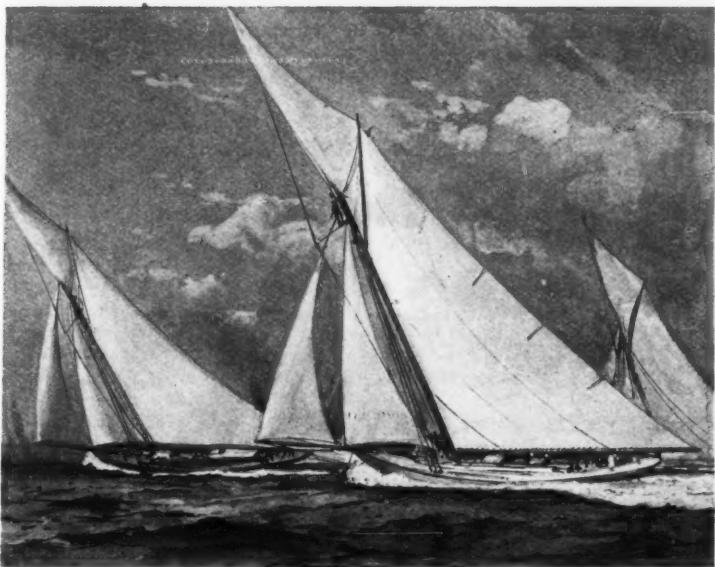
She is 412 feet long, 58 feet beam, 22 feet 6½ inches normal draught and displaces 7,350 tons. Her power consists of three three-cylinder, vertical inverted, triple-expansion engines, having about twenty-two thousand collective indicated horse-power, and driving three screws, one on the middle line, as in single-screw ships, and the other two under the counters, as in twin-screw vessels. Steam is supplied by eight boilers. The maximum coal capacity is 2,200 tons, enabling her to cruise at moderate speed two-thirds of the distance around the world.

Not being meant for fighting purposes, the armament of the *Minneapolis* is comparatively light. She is designed, if necessary, to overtake and destroy any commercial ship afloat, and the question of armor, which is of paramount importance on floating forts of the *Indiana* class, has in her case been secondary. She is, however, provided with one eight-inch 40-calibre breech-loading rifle; two six-inch rapid-fire breech-loaders, and eight four-inch rapid-fire guns. In addition she has a secondary battery of eight six-pounders and four one-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings.

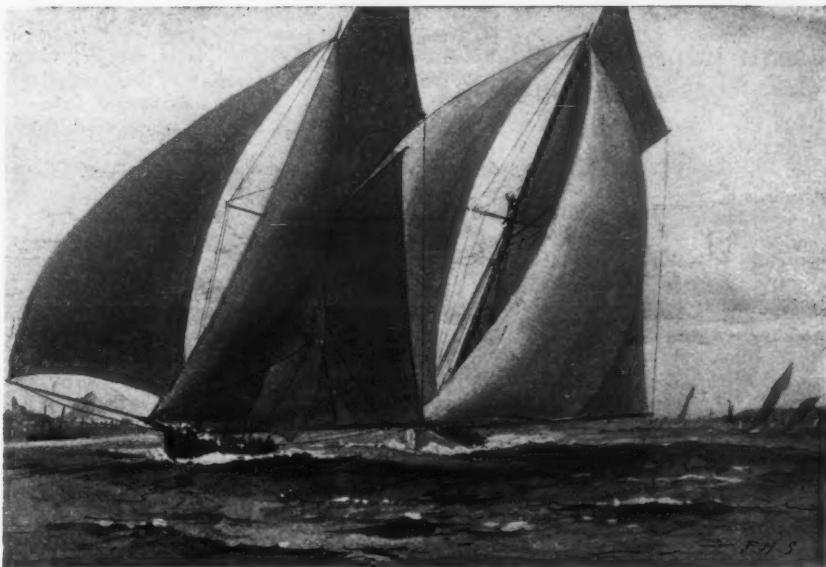
In all essential points the *Minneapolis* is the counterpart of the *Columbia*, with the exception that additional grate space will give her added steam power, and with the further exception that the pitch of the screws is altered in such a way as to add to the rapidity with which she can be pushed through the water. In outward appearance she differs from the *Columbia* in the fact that she has but two smoke-funnels, whereas her sister ship is provided with four.



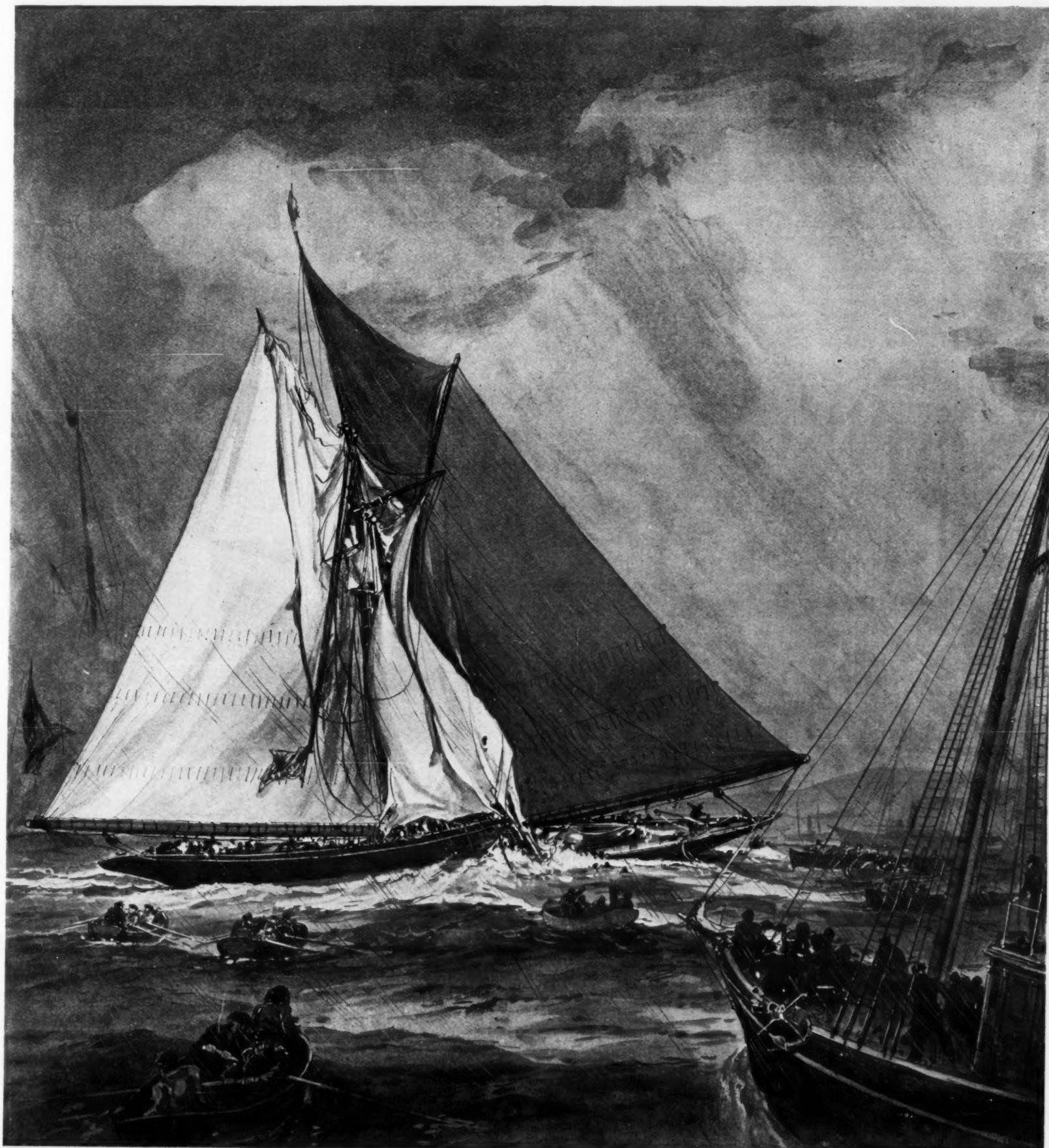
THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE NEW UNITED STATES CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS," OFF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.
DRAWN BY F. C. SCHELL.
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START IN THE RACE OF JULY 7TH—THE STARBOARD TACK, "BRITANNIA" LEADING.



ON THE RUN FROM ASCOG STAKE-BOAT TO KILCREGGAN—"VIGILANT" TRIES TO PASS THE "BRITANNIA."



THE SINKING OF THE "VALKYRIE" BY THE "SATANITA" IN THE RACE OF JULY 5TH.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES ON THE CLYDE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" DEFEATS THE "VIGILANT" IN FIRST FOUR CONSECUTIVE RACES.
DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL FROM SKETCHES.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]
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What an Express Company Does and Is.

THE plain, every-day citizen in business life knows that the express business, as it is carried on in the community, must be a tremendous concern, calling for great executive ability, the power to grasp and group details in a comprehensive system, and that what might be called the American word "hustle" is its warrant for existence. He knows that such a business employs wagons, drivers, clerks, fast trains by the score and hundred, and that in a city like New York or Philadelphia or Chicago it must be not only complex, but practically co-extensive with its business life. He knows that he can transport money and the most valuable of any kind of property safely, and that anything from an elephant to a pair of hair-pins will be rushed through promptly and with as great celerity as a human being could travel. The business man understands all this, but the story of the details is unknown to him, as also is the extent of the business. For example, it is not generally known that a woman in a country town may send a sample piece of ribbon to the city to be matched, and that the express company will do the work as well as a shopping agent; nor is it known generally that the company does a complete banking business which is safe, simple, and whose paper is easily negotiable.

Not all express companies do all this, but there is one which of recent years has gone to the front with a rush, and its mastery of details and superior service has placed it foremost, whether it be in the field of the ordinary, old-fashioned express business, the forwarding of valuables, or that newer branch of the business, an elaborate yet simple banking system commonly known as the "money-order business." This company is the United States Express Company, of which the Hon. Thomas C. Platt is president. Here is a company which started in 1854, and had in New York the extensive service of eight wagons and twenty employés, including the officials. It ran over the Erie Railroad and the Syracuse, Binghamton and New York Railroad, a total mileage of 554 miles, and in its railroad and out-of-town service employed seventy-five employés of its own and forty-five in connection with other enterprises. To-day the scope of this company has so grown that it is difficult to take in the full meaning of its equipment and strength. It operates now 30,000 miles of railroads, exclusive of its extensive system of connections. It has nearly ten thousand employés and about five thousand offices in various parts of the country. In Greater New York alone it has no less than six hundred horses and two hundred and fifty wagons, with corresponding helpers. Every business street in town is "covered" in a regular system, and every locality, even far into the suburbs, has its territory systematically cared for. Its agents and cars are found on no less than three hundred and fifty trains a day running out of New York City. A similar state of affairs is true of Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, as well as other large cities, and it has within its ready reach every place in the United States. It has probably the longest freight shed in the country over in Hoboken, and has exclusive privileges to and from New York over the New York and New England Railroad, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the New Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley, Philadelphia and Reading, Baltimore and Ohio, New Jersey and New York, and Staten Island Rapid Transit railroads. Moreover, so thorough and so well-equipped is this company that for nearly eight years it has had the entire responsibility of transporting all government money and securities except in eight States and Territories, and it has carried hundreds of millions of dollars in gold, silver, and paper without the loss of a single penny to Uncle Sam.

It is worth while to study this system of transportation of valuables. In the first place, the United States Express Company is the only one that has stationary safes in its special cars. It has no less than one hundred and twenty-five of these. In case of accident or attempted robbery these cannot be removed. They are part of the car, and stronger than any other part. They are locked and unlocked at the start and destination by a special man, and the messenger who goes with the car containing valuables neither knows the combination of the safe nor has a dial by which it may be opened. The dial is removed when the safe is locked and another one is applied at the destination. Every messenger is armed with revolvers strapped about his waist, and an improved rifle hanging within his easy reach and adjacent to the safe. No robber need try to torture the messenger into revealing the safe's combination, for he does not know it. The messenger is

instructed to shoot to kill, and not one of these men leaves home without being prepared to show his nerve if necessary. They are all cool, strong, able-bodied citizens, trained to be ready for emergencies, and (expecting them) to act with the swiftness of thought.

In addition to all this, every important run as well as every special express train—that is, a train made up of nothing but express cars—carries a special guard. At every stopping-place these guards dismount and watch, that no men secrete themselves on the train. Some of the railroads also arm their train crews. The express guards carry riot guns, said to be a "vicious" weapon, and its cartridges are loaded with buckshot.

To illustrate the nerve of the guards of this company, a recent "shooting scrape" on the Rock Island Railroad furnishes a most interesting case in point. Train-robbers had compelled the engineer and fireman to hold up their hands and had "got the drop" on the messenger. The guard quietly appeared just at the right time, and in an off-hand way killed two of the robbers, putting the others, four in number, to flight. The horses of the dead robbers were utilized in pursuing those of the gang that were in flight. Three of them were captured and are now in prison awaiting trial. The fourth man hasn't much show of final escape, for express companies are relentless. Extraordinary bravery on the part of guards is always recognized by the company and the guards rewarded.

A new safety device has been adopted recently by this company for those packages which are carried in special bags. These bags are seamless, and the lock has a multiplying register. This means that the original number is raised and cannot be restored should any one tamper with the lock, and through this system the offender at work can be located readily. This is a great advance in the safe transport of valuable packages, and is the superior system which this company employs, and which justifies the continued confidence of the government in it.

It is an interesting sight to see a special train loaded and started off. Over in Hoboken this company sends one to the West and one to the East every night. From six to eight o'clock there is hard drive. For nearly a quarter of a mile the platform is crowded with freight that has been picked up here and there about Greater New York. Out in the street the heavy wagons, each usually pulled by two splendid gray horses, well-kept, well-fed, and well-groomed, a delight to the eye, dash up and back up to the platform. Big and little boxes and other packages are transferred hastily by stalwart and experienced freight handlers on trucks and by hand here and there, according as the car in which they must be placed is situated awaiting its cargo. The electric lights spatter and flash, men go darting about on the run and brisk walk, more wagons continue to arrive, and between seven and eight o'clock there seems hopeless confusion. In half an hour, however, all that long platform will be cleared. Those crates, boxes, and enormous hampers in which the smaller packages are placed, will be stowed away, and the train will be off for Chicago or Boston at the speed of the fastest limited trains.

Quick work is done in these two hours. The wagons with money and valuables, guarded inside and out, come up smartly. They are stowed away in the safes with the greatest care and accuracy, the safes locked up, and the messengers take their places by the side of the treasure ready for business. Far up to the extreme end of the platform is the package-room. As the packages are slid along the polished boards of a counter a young man, dexterous and supple, seizes each one, places it on a scale, weighs it, marks on it the amount of the charges, slides it along on this side or that, according as it is going east or west, and then quick writers fill out manifests and way-bills. In this way every bit of freight, great or small, is kept track of. As fast as the bills are filled up they are sent up a flight of stairs to the impression room, where half a dozen men in this one station are kept on the jump making copies of the bills which the thirty clerks are filling up. These impressions are forwarded to the auditor and his two hundred and fifty clerks, and there the business transactions are classified and transformed. The noise and hurry increase as the train conductor appears, belated wagons with steaming horses come hurrying up the street on the run, the locomotive blows off its steam, doors of cars are locked and sealed, the bell rings, and the train darts away, leaving a barren and deserted place. The porters, clerks, and managers go home and come back early the next morning to receive the incoming trains. The activity is repeated then, but all during the day there is more or less of it. The scenes above depicted are repeated under similar conditions at its Commu-

nipaw warehouses, from whence special trains are dispatched daily over the Baltimore and Ohio, New Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley, and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad systems. This long shed is probably the busiest express place in the country. Suburban traffic is going on all the time, for here is the celebrated Morris and Essex division of the Lackawanna Railroad. It also maintains immense freight sheds at Communipaw for the handling of its Baltimore and Ohio, New Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley, and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad business.

Picture this scene at scores of depots in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities, and you can imagine something of the scope and work of the express business and the detail employed. There are so many branches in the business that it would require a volume to tell of them all. One or two instances of the enormous transportation of goods will illustrate the extent of business better than a host of examples. There is the oyster trade of Baltimore, for example. On November 27th of last year the United States Express shipped from that city the enormous amount of 245,830 pounds of opened oysters to the West. I do not know how many opened oysters make a pound on the average, but I should say it would be from fifteen to twenty. Figuring on that basis, this cargo would amount to between three million five hundred thousand and four million oysters. They made twenty-four thousand five hundred gallons—at least eight hundred barrels. These oysters go as far as Portland, Oregon, and are re-iced on the route as often as necessary. Tributary to these shipments are eighty-three firms in Baltimore, investing a capital of four million dollars, employing nine thousand persons and seven hundred vessels.

Then there is the peach trade. Last year the United States Express carried as many as ten thousand baskets or crates in one day. Most of these went West also. The berry season also reaches about the same proportions. Then there are enormous shipments of green truck and fish from Baltimore, and this makes that city a most important distributing point. Another somewhat novel shipment is that of fish from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The fish are frozen in pans, twenty-five in each pan, and packed in refrigerator cars, and reach the Atlantic seaboard in exactly the same condition in which they left the Pacific coast. Of course special wagons are detailed to meet trains having perishable freight, and in the season special trains at the highest speed of passenger trains carry the produce through to its destination.

Then there is another most important side to this company's business. It has well-equipped European facilities, and its agents are found in all important towns of Europe and as far as India and the islands of the Pacific. Its English connections are the pioneers of the overland route to India.

The United States Express Company is also

under authority from the United States government to carry over its lines "in bond," unopened, the baggage of passengers arriving by ocean steamers at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and merchandise consigned to it for immediate transportation to custom ports of entry in the United States or in transit for Canada and Mexico. It has a thoroughly equipped custom-house staff in attendance.

All the horses of the company in the Greater New York territory are stabled in one place, probably the best equipped large stable in the East. It is in Jersey City, and at first glance looks like an enormous and substantial warehouse, but it is a royal home for horses. The first floor is used for the storage of wagons, and they are there by the acre. The next three floors are given up to the stalls and harness-rooms for these sleek animals. Helpers by the dozen are seen on every floor. The sanitary arrangements have been perfected after much study, and the system of feeding and bedding the animals is most thorough. The company not only does its own horse-shoeing, harness-making, wagon-repairing, but it also makes its own wagons. Every detail in every department is thought out most carefully, and perfection of system could seem to go no further.

Thus we see what a tremendous concern an express company such as this is. Talk about the difficulty of running a railroad! Such a business would seem a small affair compared to this. Not only is freight, great or small, perishable or imperishable, transported with the speediest dispatch; not only does it do a lady's shopping; not only does it provide banking facilities to the traveler in amounts as high as five thousand dollars at trifling cost; not only does it carry valuables and money for the government and individuals amounting to millions with perfect safety, but it invades the domain of other countries, relieves travelers of custom-house annoyances, and makes a journey free from petty details and troubles.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

Edison and Sandow.

THAT was a memorable afternoon spent recently by a party of New York visitors with the great inventor, Thomas E. Edison, at Orange, New Jersey. The party consisted of Eugene Sandow, the strong man, Mr. John Koster, Mr. R. T. Haines, and Mr. C. B. Cline. The purpose of the visit was that Sandow might pose before Edison's newest invention, the wonderful "kinetoscope." After the famous athlete had removed his clothing, displaying his marvelous physical development, and had wrapped himself in a heavy ulster, the party entered the great revolving photographic studio, which is fixed on a monster centre pivot and moved on heavy rollers, so that the glass front is always in line with the direct rays of the sun. A pair of heavy

(Continued on page 48.)



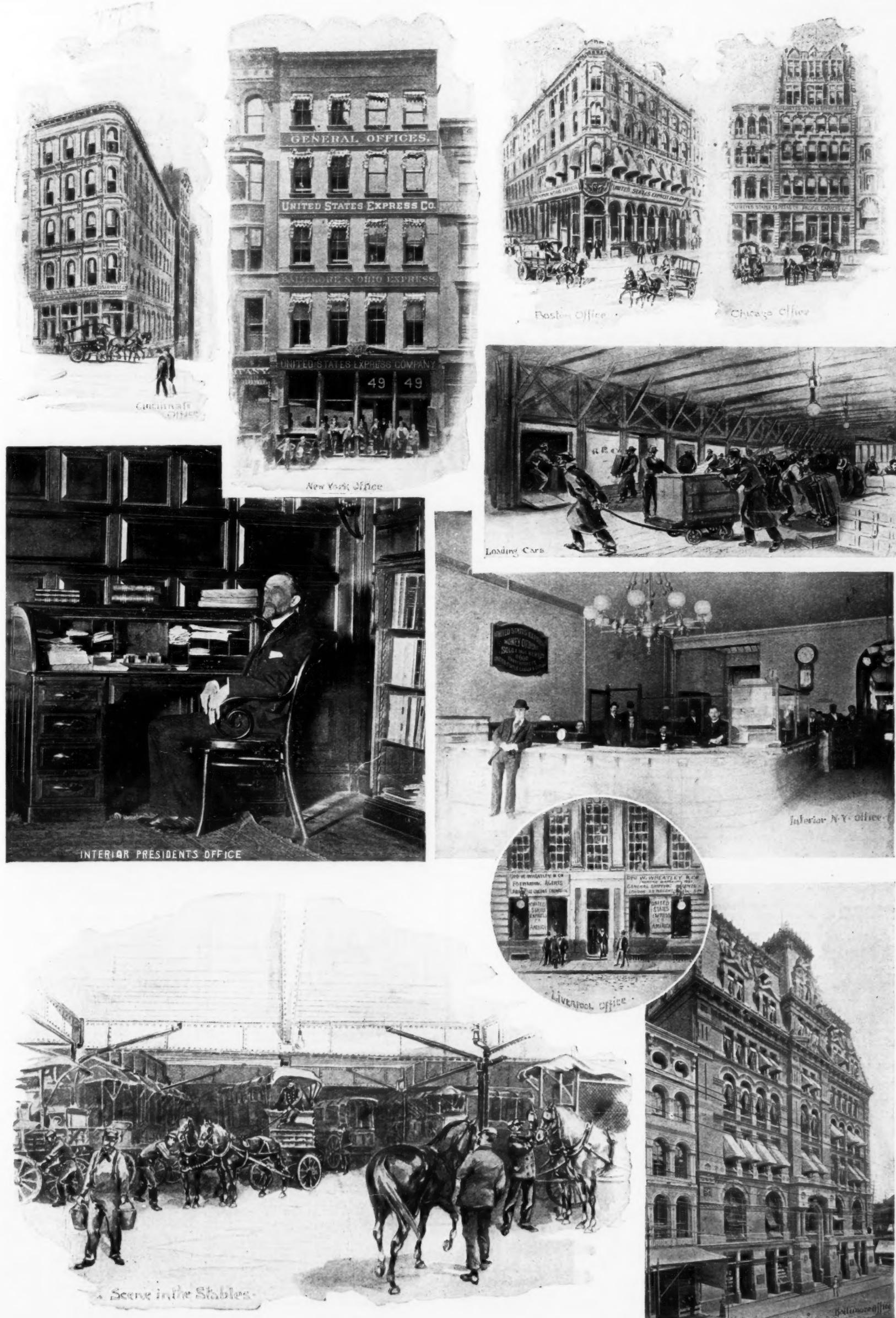
C. B. Cline.

John Koster.

Eugene Sandow.

R. T. Haines.

EDISON AND SANDOW WITH A GROUP OF VISITORS.



THE EXPRESS BUSINESS, ITS METHODS AND ITS MAGNITUDE, ILLUSTRATED BY THE OPERATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANY.
DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Edison and Sandoz.

(Continued from page 46.)

doors were opened, and the kinetoscope, which is a square, box-like affair resting on a little steel track, was pushed into view. Then Sandoz was asked to stand back in what is called the "black tunnel" in the rear of the small room, which is lined with heavy black felt, and directly in front of the instrument, in the full glare of the bright sunlight. All being in readiness, the electric switch was moved, and Sandoz began posing as he does in his regular performance before an audience. In twenty seconds nearly three thousand impressions had been made of his different movements, on a sensitive band fifty feet in length, drawn over two rollers before the revolving slide of the little three-inch camera opening, which allows forty-seven exposures per second.

The group stood in amazement while Mr. Edison explained that the experiment was a great success. Subsequently the visitors were grouped and photographed, as shown in our illustration.



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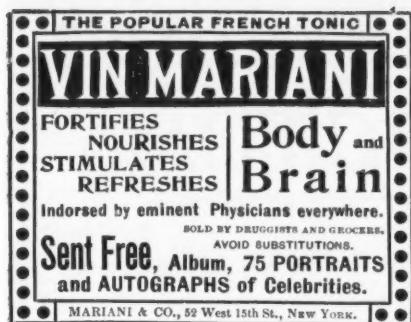
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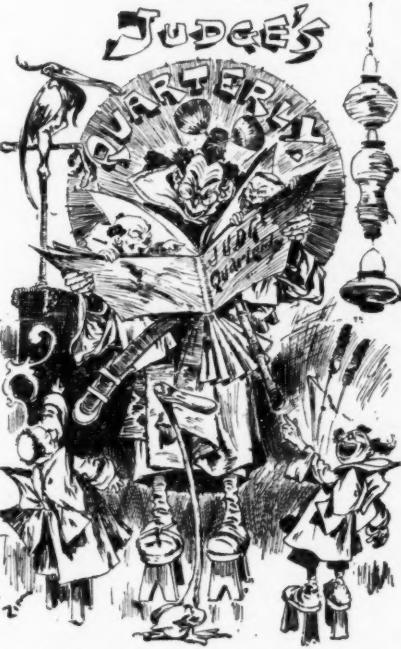
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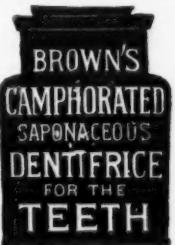
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